

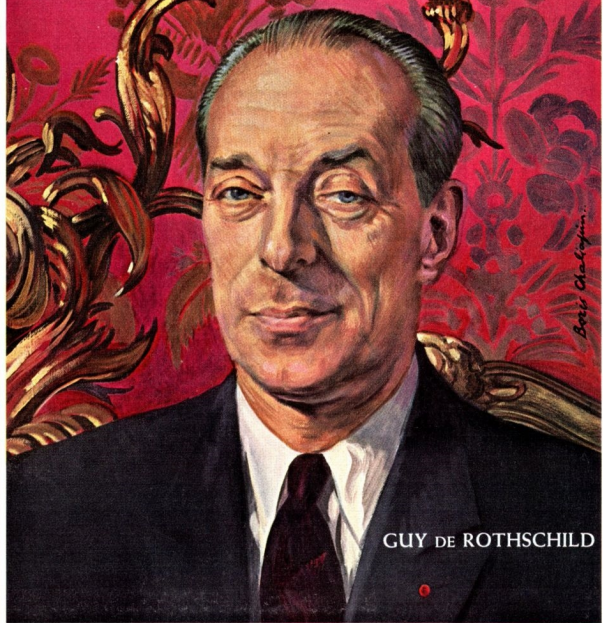
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 20, 1963

The Rothschilds Today

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



GUY DE ROTHSCHILD

VOL. 82 NO. 25

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

HERTZ RENT



1931: John Barrymore in the title role in "Svengali," the screen adaptation of Du Maurier's "Tribby." New England Life was in its 97th year.



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, December 19

DR. KILDARE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).^{*} Lauren Bacall guest-stars as a journalist stricken with a crippling disease.

Friday, December 20

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A story about a bartender who decides to sell the tavern and marry the hat-check girl; with Lee J. Cobb and Gena Rowlands.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). "Ninety Years Without Slumbering," a script by Rod Serling about an old clock-maker (Ed Wynn) convinced that he will die if anything happens to his grandfather clock.

Saturday, December 21

NORTH-SOUTH COLLEGE ALL-STAR GAME (ABC, 4-7 p.m.).

Sunday, December 22

DISCOVERY (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.). A typical Christmas 200 years ago in colonial Williamsburg.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Part 2 of a documentary on the Strategic Air Command.

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A special with Tennessee Ernie Ford and the Roger Wagner Choral.

Monday, December 23

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein will preside.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Bing Crosby's movie career.

Tuesday, December 24

SERVICES FROM THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE (ABC, 11:15 p.m. to midnight). Episcopal services.

CHRISTMAS EVE MIDNIGHT MASS (NBC, midnight to conclusion). From St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan.

CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES (CBS, midnight to 1 a.m.). From the First Congregational Church in Washington, D.C.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ, as adapted by Edward Albee from Carson McCullers' novella, reproduces the story's mood of Southern grotesquerie. Unfortunately, the play itself is wispy and intangible, despite the strenuous acting efforts of Colleen Dewhurst and Michael Dunn.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, by Neil Simon. Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford break from a wedding march into a scrappy farrajo of newlywed problems. Director Mike Nichols paces the contest to leave the audience a few breaths between laughs.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE are two sharply observed but compassionate one-act comedies about a bashful boy who finds that his chosen Venus is just another dumb blonde, and a brash detective who chews macaroons and Brazil nuts and sweetly seasons a marriage that is stewing in acrid juices.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING resounds to marching boots at a peacetime R.A.F. training base, but what Playwright Wesker sets out to trample—with bright, biting

argument and laughter—is the British class system.

THE REHEARSAL. Playwright Jean Anouilh achieves a stylish symbiosis of good and evil in which the pure love of a young girl is subverted by a drawing-room coterie, which in turn finds that it can no longer treat love as a game.

LUTHER. Playwright John Osborne looks back in anger at the people and practices which outraged Martin Luther. In the power of Albert Finney's portrayal, the playgoer senses the force which shaped the Reformation.

Off Broadway

THE ESTABLISHMENT. Some antic Britons wield the rapiers of satire with precision and glee as they commit merry mayhem on pompous personages and reverential attitudes.

CINEMA

HIGH AND LOW. Without a samurai in sight, Japanese Director Akira Kurosawa sets the screen crackling with excitement as his camera trails a vicious kidnaper through the Yokohama underworld.

HAILELUJAH THE HILLS. Up in Vermont, three madcap characters are put through their paces by Director Adolfs Mekas, an East Village cinematic who pokes fiendish fun at every moviemaker from D. W. Griffith to Antonioni.

BILLY LIAR. Another visit to a bleak industrial city somewhere in England. But Tom Courtenay is hilarious as a working-class Walter Mitty full of fascist drama, and Julie Christie as his beatnik girl friend is a bit of all right too.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY. To brighten the season, Walt Disney presents Tao the cat, Bodger the bull terrier and Luath the Labrador retriever making their way home across 250 miles of rough Canadian terrain and straight into the affections of the young at heart.

NIGHT TIDE. The age-old legend of the mariner and the mermaid brought up to date by Writer-Director Curtis Harrington, whose offbeat first feature turns a Venice, Calif., amusement park into a mystical land of Edgar Allan Poetry.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. In this deft Polish thriller, two lusty men and one bikini-clad woman go out in a sloop to sail—and Director Roman Polanski sets them tackling on a zigzag course between the ego and the id.

TOM JONES. The funniest movie in many a year. Fielding's bawdy classic about vice in 18th century England has been pinched and patted into shape by Director Tony Richardson, with able assistance from stars Albert Finney and Hugh Griffith.

THE CARDINAL. In Director Otto Preminger's hands, the 1950 bestseller about a poor priest from Boston who becomes a papal prince often seems fairly preposterous despite a smooth performance by Tom Tryon, a racy one by Romy Schneider, and a sensational one by Director-Turned-Actor John Huston.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE ELEPHANT, by Slawomir Mrozek. A lion refuses to eat Christians, a Polish matron keeps a live revolutionary caged in her living room, civil servants begin to fly like eagles over Warsaw in the fantasy world of a brilliant young Polish satirist

who pokes fun most often at the howling gap between reality and Communist Party renderings of it.

THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE, by Joan Aiken. Children may have to wait until their parents finish reading this sly and delightful melodrama in which ravening wolves are the least of the Victorian villains that beset our two young heroines.

APOLLINAIRE, by Francis Steegmuller. Self-appointed promoter of cubist painting and experimental poetry, this violent, rebellious poet-critic of pre-World War I Paris lived his own wild legend, which Steegmuller largely confirms with carefully researched fact.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL: EDUCATION OF A GENERAL, 1880-1939, by Forrest C. Pogue. Ending with the general's appointment in 1939 as Roosevelt's chief of staff, this first volume of a three-volume biography seeks the hidden warmth in the man who baffled most by his icy reticence.

THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX, by Edmund Wilson. An ordeal by bureaucracy, which can be read with sympathy until the author confuses his own small experience in income-tax delinquency with the cold war and the space race.

DOROTHY AND RED, by Vincent Sheean. Dorothy Thompson dreamed of an ideal "creative marriage" and tried to find it with Novelist Sinclair Lewis. For 14 years their close friend, Vincent Sheean, watched the dream turn to nightmare; his comments on Dorothy's letters and diaries help explain how it happened.

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA, by Bertram Wolfe. Rivera confounded capitalists and Communists alike with his preposterous stories and visionary murals, but Biographer Wolfe wisely takes the artist's exuberant imagination as the surest clue to the man and his work.

A SINGULAR MAN, by J. P. Donleavy. Graves, ghosts and cryptic portents of the Gothic novel, transposed in Joycean prose to contemporary Manhattan, funny even when deadly serious.

THE HAT ON THE BED, by John O'Hara. As a novelist, O'Hara has lately faltered, but the more short stories he writes, the better he gets, and this newest collection refracts with flawless skill the sights, sounds and thoughts of four decades of American life.

Best Sellers

FICITION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (2)
3. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (3)
4. Caravans, Michener (4)
5. The Living Reched, Buck (5)
6. The Three Sirens, Wallace (6)
7. The Battle of the Villa Fiorita, Godden (7)
8. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (8)
9. The Hat on the Bed, O'Hara (9)
10. City of Night, Rechy (10)

NONFICTION

1. The American Way of Death, Mitford (1)
2. Mandate for Change, Eisenhower (2)
3. Rascal, North (3)
4. Confessions of an Advertising Man, Ogilvy (4)
5. Dorothy and Red, Sheean (6)
6. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (5)
7. The Craft of Intelligence, Dulles
8. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (7)
9. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (8)
10. My Life and Loves, Harris (9)

* All times E.S.T.



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grow by your support as a customer.

When you consider what our country has always stood for, can you see why anyone should want our federal government to do any job it doesn't have to do—such as owning and managing the electric light and power business? Isn't it best to leave that to individuals, like you, who believe individual effort is what keeps our nation strong?

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LETTERS

Digging the Digger

Sir: That was a nice Hanukkah gift you sent us: the cover story on Dr. Nelson Glueck [Dec. 13].

You dug into him as skillfully as he digs into the soil of the Holy Land. And you produced a gem.

I have always contended that TIME must make Judaism out to be exotic. Hitherto that has precluded the highlighting of a Reform rabbi, who, after all, is usually beardless and unquaint-looking. You solved the problem beautifully, producing a turbaned Nelson Glueck. My compliments! Thanks, too, for showing him also in civvies.

RABBI SAMUEL M. SILVER
Stamford, Conn.

Sir: Men like Mr. Glueck who spend their lifetime serving God and their fellow man go sometimes without being noticed. Biblical scholars who serve all mankind and their God are unique.

PETER MOLAY
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir: Your article is the most conclusive proof that the Holy Bible is true history. It should make any skeptic stop and listen when Billy Graham or any preacher begins a statement with "The Bible says."

PETER E. CULLOM
Ret. A.F. Chaplain
Washington, D.C.

Kennedyana

Sir: I hold that many of the tributes to J.F.K. are fitting. One of his pet projects, the Peace Corps, for example, could be rightly rechristened the Kennedy Corps. The Kennedy Memorial Library fund in Boston is also a fair gesture. However, Kennedyana, the Kennedy International Airport, Cape Kennedy, etc., are all exceeding the bounds of respect and entering the absurd.

The nation is gripped with a falsely intensified grief that is causing a disgusting outbreak of irrationality. People are acting on impulse. John F. Kennedy was not a modern Paul Bunyan.

It would be a far more patriotic and respectful act for a U.S. citizen to stop the bandwagon of pseudo-grief before they rename New York's Seventh Avenue "Avenue of the Kennedys."

WALTER J. PREIL
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir: I was very disappointed in my fellow Americans when I read that the city council of Cape Canaveral, Fla., is ob-

jecting to changing the name of the cape to "Cape Kennedy."

All over the world people are changing the names of schools, streets and towns to honor our late President. Shouldn't Americans join this tribute? And what place in the U.S. is so closely associated with the century—the very decades—that produced John Kennedy as the site of our space triumphs?

John Kennedy gave his life for his country. Cannot the people of a small town give up sentimental attachment to a name of obscure meaning in order to honor him?

MARJORIE SMITH
Agana, Guam

Mrs. L.B.J.

Sir: So Lady Bird Johnson—strictly in the time she could spare from shopping, entertaining, and running a household—was able to run up the contents of her handbag into a \$5,000,000 estate [Nov. 29]. Such talents ought to be applied more widely. If J.F.K. thought it not robbery to make his brother Attorney General, then by golly L.B.J. owes it to the nation to make his wife Secretary of the Treasury! We may be able to shake this national debt thing yet!

RICHARD R. MOORE
Rochester, N.Y.

One Award After Another

Sir: Edmund Wilson was one of the recipients of the Presidential Medals of Freedom awarded by President Johnson at the White House [Dec. 6]—the same Edmund Wilson who was recently "awarded" a fine of more than \$25,000 for failing to file federal income tax returns for a twelve-year period.

Unbelievable!
PHILIP E. COATES
Charlottesville, Va.

Man of the Year

Sir: Our late President and his widow, together, for they have done more for our country than most of us can comprehend.

MR. & MRS. GERALD E. KNIGHT
Plainfield, N.H.

Sir: No one has given so generously to the cause of human rights and world peace as did President John F. Kennedy. He should not only be chosen Man of the Year, but be awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace.

ANA MARIA VICK
Mexico City

Sir: The Woman of the Year: Jackie Kennedy. We men forget easily and readily when it comes to the defense of our hegemony in politics and professions that women—and mothers in particular—deserve a higher place in world affairs.

Let Jackie Kennedy and Nina Khrushchev get together on basic matters of the two leading nations! There would be less pettiness and fewer deadlocks in the struggle for world peace.

EBERHARD ROTMANN
Lima, Peru

Sir: If the Man of the Year is the one who most affects the news for good or ill, then you have no choice but the President's assassin.

But for pity's sake, spare us that indignity, and pass on to the one who did the most to turn that tragedy into a kind of solemn triumph: our First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy.

I had not been one of her admirers until faced with her utter nobility in circumstances where she could have been forgiven almost any weakness—even panic.

MARGARET M. HAMLETT
San Antonio

Sir: Undoubtedly it will be Lee H. Oswald who will be selected as Man of the Year, but may I suggest that the title this year be changed to "Alleged Man of the Year"? This would still the voices of those pettifoggers who will protest that Oswald was not actually proved guilty in a court of law.

L. E. LEVINTHAL
Larchmont, N.Y.

Sir: The more I read, the more I believe that the Peace Corps will be recorded as Kennedy's greatest contribution to humanity. I propose that the men (and women) of the Peace Corps be named Men of the Year.

DUANE ECHELBERG
Osborn High School
Manassas, Va.

Sir: With all due respect to our beloved late President, I believe there can be no doubt that the man who has most influenced the news and the course of events this year is the American Negro. He has sealed his nomination with his blood.

RONALD E. SCHLOSSER
Philadelphia

Sir: For his loving spirit, effectiveness, and unrelenting determination to secure first-class citizenship for the American Negro—the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

JOHN R. NEUBERT
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir: Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta is my Man of the Year.

JAFFERY SULEMAN KIYINGI
Nairobi

Sir: U Thant of the United Nations. What he says rings round the world and what he does promotes the peace of the world.

TET KHAUNG
Yamethin, Burma

Sir: I understand that the Man of the Year must have been influential for good or evil. In the latter category I nominate the inventor of the pop-top beer can.

STEPHEN C. BLAKESLEE JR.
New York City

Sir: For his efforts to give the world of science a humanitarian conscience and

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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

thereby provide an intelligent formula for the resolution of man's dilemma. Dr. Linus Pauling should be considered.

PAUL W. RICHARDS

Parma, Ohio

Sir: Robert S. McNamara—the single girl's best friend. His decision to exempt married men from the draft has been the biggest and best impetus for marriage since the shotgun!

MRS. ROBERT M. ARMSTRONG
(recently married)

Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. Paine's Help

Sir: In your references to Mrs. Ruth Paine, who befriended Marina Oswald and her two baby daughters [Dec. 6], you reported that she is a Russian immigrant. She is not. Mrs. Paine was born in New York, lived in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas, in that order.

Mrs. Paine offered Marina Oswald refuge in her home primarily as one human being offering aid to another in distress.

Mrs. Paine did not know that Oswald had hidden a gun in the garage. As a Quaker, she would not have permitted it, although it is within the law and a relatively common practice in Texas to keep a weapon in the house.

By the way, Mrs. Paine was a supporter of President Kennedy, and her house enjoyed a victory celebration upon his election.

GEORGE GALERSTEIN

Dallas

Word Painting

Sir: Time presumed to change the title of a Salvador Dali painting from his spelling GALACIDALACIDEXORIBUNUCLEICACID to the more orderly GALACIDALACIDEXORIBUNUCLEICACID. Would you paint over a piece of his canvases?

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON

New York City

► We don't paint much, but Artist Dali likes our spelling. Says he: "Time is right. It is a very good correction. The catalogue is wrong. Merci."—Ed.

Ex-Sex

Sir: I enjoyed your piece about ex-sex queens of Hollywood [Dec. 13]. You do a public service in so clearly distinguishing them from actresses. I wish there had been someone to wise me up last year when I made the disastrous mistake of casting Miss Rita Hayworth in my first Broadway play, *Step on a Crack*.

We should have all stayed in bed.

BERNARD EVSLIN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir: I have long looked forward to the distinction of "making TIME," but having made the grade in your story of the sex shortage in Hollywood, I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

Unfortunately for everyone, you are right—there are no shimmering stars to replace the big ones we know. But even more unfortunate for the actresses of the new generation is the fact that the big star-making machines that built up Lana's sweater, lowered Jane's décolletage and then put them on display in countless films, are no longer in existence. We find that we have to do it on our own, and it "ain't easy." The T.N.T. is there, but the only explosions come from the frustrations of not being able to strut our stuff too.

ROUTA LEE

Hollywood

Quite Right

Sir: Ah, that write-up on Actor Laurence Harvey [Dec. 6] had an old TIME flavor. I thought perhaps the anonymous chap with the curare-dipped stiletto had been put to pasture and was perhaps pursuing some hobby, like milking rattlesnakes. It would appear instead that he merely paused to sharpen his fangs. While it is difficult to work up much sympathy for the victim, who is probably tapping his glass slipper in protest, any poor bastard blitzed with such deft and delicate razor strokes is deserving of pity. Wait until he tries to turn the other cheek.

EARL SMITH

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir: Perhaps the reason that Mr. Harvey called me "that ghastly woman" is that I protested indignantly when I learned he was going to play my lover in the movie *Walk on the Wild Side*. I had seen Mr. Harvey make love on the screen, which he does aloofly, as if he were a playing card—the jack of clubs. He lifts one knee defensively so that the heroine, whom he is supposed to adore, has to make a sudden flanking movement if she wishes to embrace him. Mr. Harvey whacks away at nearly all the heroines whom he has to embrace in films. It is safer than denouncing critics.

CAPUCINE

Lausanne, Switzerland

Sir: Thanks for spelling my name right.

LAURENCE HARVEY

Hollywood

Don't Count Your Eggs Before We Lay Them

Sir: Quoted below is a section from the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which will correct the misconception of Artemis of Ephesus you printed in a caption [Dec. 13]. "The usual figure of the Ephesian Artemis, which was said in the first instance to have fallen from heaven, is in the form of a female with many breasts, the symbol of productivity or a token of her function as the all-nourishing mother." Ostrich eggs indeed!

RICHARD T. MACSPARRAN

Vienna, Va.

► According to *Alfons Wotschitzky, director of the Archaeological Institute of the University of Innsbruck*, "The egg-like objects just above [Artemis'] waist, formerly considered as multiple female breasts, are now correctly interpreted as ostrich eggs decorating her garment. Ostrich eggs, as a symbol of fertility, may still be found today in nearly every Greek village church."—Ed.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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He has the will and where-withal to do as he pleases. When he talks, men unconsciously hunch forward to listen. When he looks at a woman, she feels all woman. You may admire him; resent him. But no one can be indifferent to him.

His cologne and personal grooming accessories are "That Man" by Relon. A lusty tang of lemon, tabac and amber... as different from others as That Man is from the run of men.



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THE leading story in this week's issue talks of death and renewal—a death that cannot be forgotten, and of a life that must go on. Short weeks ago, one event dominated everything. It still echoes—but the weight of other issues and places is felt again—the settling-in of the new Administration, the troubles of NATO, a kidnapping in Nevada and another in Bolivia.

South Viet Nam, uncertain under its new military junta, requires a new look on the scene by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara—and gets another in advance from TIME Correspondent Murray Galt, who flew on 26 helicopter missions in five days to gather his story.

THE WORLD BUSINESS section gets its first cover story—on the liveliest member of the legendary Rothschild family. Boris Chialipin flew to France to paint Guy de Rothschild in an appropriate setting—against a sumptuous red silk brocade wall in the 18th century Rothschild townhouse in Paris. The Rothschilds are discreet as bankers and reticent as a family, and it took a heap of interview (and 120,000 words of re-search) for the story that Marshmallow Loeb wrote. A new and thorough job of reporting was necessary, for, as Researcher Kathleen Cooil discovered, the books on the subject not only often seem to be wrong, but to repeat one another's errors.

Also special in this issue: an entire 7-column BOOKS section, written by Tim Foote, taking up the new young Soviet novelists who are trying under a suspicious dictatorship to say more than their elders dared say.

Among the thousands of letters we have received in recent weeks was one from Mrs. Eleanor Cowan, whose letter appeared in the Dec. 6 issue of TIME. "The city of Dallas



MRS. COWAN

paved the way for a tragic event here," she wrote. "Being a Dallasite, I am so ashamed." Mrs. Cowan is 25 and a fourth-grade teacher in Dallas.

Several days after the letter appeared, Mrs. Cowan was summoned by Superintendent W. T. White and questioned about it sentence by sentence. She was told she had no right as a teacher to write such a letter, was suspended from her job and told to report back the following week. The story leaked out (not from her: she wanted no publicity) and got considerable attention in the Dallas papers, including a sympathetic editorial in the Times-Herald. As the story spread across the nation, in news reports and on TV, Mrs. Cowan got so many telephone calls that she had her phone disconnected, and we got a whole wave of letters coming to her support.

Apparently distressed by all the national publicity, or perhaps undergoing a change of heart, Dr. White called Mrs. Cowan in and they had a "very pleasant informal conference. We are pleased that she will return to the classroom tomorrow." And that is where Mrs. Cowan is well pleased to leave it, too: happy to be back teaching.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 20, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 25

THE NATION

THE PEOPLE

The Mood of the Land

Chilling winds swept in off the Great Lakes, and an early snowfall muffled Midwestern cities. Rain fell from leaden skies over Atlanta and Anchorage, and Denver shivered in sub-zero cold. Across the nation, flags still stood at half-staff in reminder of Nov. 22.

But the U.S. has always been able to look beyond winter to spring, beyond death to continuing life. There is in the nation a resiliency and a sense of renewal, the sort of thing that Poet Valchell Lindsay meant when he wrote:

Man is a torch, then ashes soon.

*May and June, then dead December,
Dead December, then again June.*

Not to Be Forgotten. The U.S.'s resiliency, its sense of renewal, was felt everywhere in mid-December 1963. Referring to President Kennedy's assassination, Chairman Robert Bell of Los Angeles' Packard-Bell Corp. said: "This is not to be forgotten. But you can't stop the living from living. I don't know of anyone who has called off his Christmas tree."

Last week, in fact, thousands of hardy Americans drove to national forests in the Rocky Mountain States to cut down their own trees, for a nominal \$1-fee, and haul them home for their families. In retail stores, shoppers were in an all-out buying mood, sending nationwide sales in the first week of December 20% above the previous week's figure and 7% above last year's at the same time.

Most of the crape-draped photographs of Kennedy had been removed from the store windows, but the spate of Kennedy renamings went on, although not without some cautionary comments. "If we continue," warned Maryland Republican Representative Rogers Morton, "all he will be remembered for that he was assassinated."

The Catharsis. He would not be forgotten, but last week many Americans were still trying to sort out in their own minds what he would be remembered for. There was his

youth—which seemed to have kindled in young people all over the world an almost personal sense of loss. There was his style—which now shone with an ever-increasing glow, and made many of his countrymen feel a sudden deprivation of grace and beauty. And there was, in retrospect, a realization that he would have led a gallant and slashing campaign and almost certainly won re-election—and now those Kennedy years were not to be. There was, too, his image—or better yet, his person. Few could now articulate all the qualities that they would ascribe to either image or person, but the college students, the housewives, the intellectuals, and many of the people who were critical of him while he lived, were now transforming that image into legend.

The legend, however, was in little danger of being sentimentalized. And perhaps one of the reasons for that was the overwhelmingly detailed coverage of the assassination and burial. That

in itself had been a kind of catharsis.

Now, after such intense and almost single-minded concentration, many Americans seemed to want a respite from national and world affairs. Last week neither Cuba nor a somewhat shaky Common Market, neither the laggard 88th Congress nor the problems of the Atlantic Alliance, sparked much interest. Said former Federal Communications Commission Chairman Newton Minow: "Like most people, I haven't fully comprehended that the President is gone. I think the general mood is very mixed—one of sorrow and of comfort. Luckily, there is no international crisis at the moment." But there was some talk about the health of the economy, the prospects for a tax cut and a civil rights bill—and there was a great deal of speculation about the new President.

Everybody has different ideas about Lyndon. Southerners delight in having a Southerner in the White House—for the first time in 100 years. They figure that he will press no harder than he has to for civil rights. "It's good to be a Democrat again," said Charlotte, N.C., Restaurant Owner James W. Claiborne. Yet Negroes believe that he will go all-out for a strong bill. "Johnson is a man who can talk to those Southerners in their language, but I don't think he'll sell us out," said Chicago Secretary Marian Gaide.

As a Chicago publicity man put it: "Everyone in the country thinks he has a winner in Johnson, the Southerners, the Negroes, the liberals and the budget cutters." And TIME's Denver correspondent reported: "As you talk with people, you get the feeling that they are all waiting for someone to say, 'Will the real Lyndon Johnson please stand up?'"

Season's Spirit. In Washington, the real Lyndon Johnson seemed to be all over the place, but his boundless energy has failed to dispel the pall that still hangs over Government offices. "Many people are ready to say Johnson may make a fine President," wrote Columnist Mary McGrory, "but almost inevi-



NATIVITY SCENE ON BOSTON COMMON
As the image became a legend.



McNAMARA & JOHNSON
Economy can cut . . .

tably they add, "except it won't be fun any more."

At the Mayflower Hotel, addressing a liberal group called the National Committee on Pockets of Poverty, Economist-Author John Kenneth Galbraith (*The Affluent Society*) raked his fellow New Frontiersmen over the coals for opting to stay on with Johnson, whom he considers something less than forward-looking. Said Galbraith, a former ambassador to India who returned to Harvard before Kennedy's death: "To those who feel that they best serve by endowing the scene with their presence rather than by pursuing their convictions, let me simply say that I agree it is a good life. But also a bit like being one of the warriors in the Washington parks. The posture is heroic; the sword is being waved; but, alas, the movement is nil."

Outside Washington, the movement was back to normal. There were parties: in Chicago, the Anti-Superstition Society held its customary Friday the 13th blast. There were crimes: young Sinatra's kidnaping got the biggest headlines, but more in the spirit of the season were the two gunmen who came into the Alpine State Bank in Rockford, Ill., in Santa Claus costumes, locked the employees in a vault and made off with \$36,000. Finally, there was Christmas coming; in Boston, live reindeer pranced on the Common, not far from a crèche with a sign that was a symbol of the times. In Manhattan's Rockefeller Center, a regal, 60-ft. Norway spruce blazed with thousands of lights and shiny aluminum spangles.

With such spectacles to dazzle the eye, it was hardly surprising that thousands of citizens bustled through the revolving doors of Detroit's City-County Building without so much as a glance at the simple wreath hanging over the entrance. Most thought it was a modest Christmas decoration. Few noticed that it was black.

THE PRESIDENCY

Business & Busyness

Lyndon Johnson plainly was out to show the world that the U.S. has at its helm a President as active and vigorous as ever before. After three weeks in office, he had more than made his point.

Last week, mixing solid business with image-making business, Man-in-Motion Johnson was in top form. Although the widow of New York's Herbert H. Lehman had begged the President not to run the security risk, he made a 2-hr. 28-min. descent on Manhattan for the funeral of his ex-Senate colleague, as some 2,500 New York City cops and uncounted federal agents maintained the tightest security precautions in memory. Back in Washington, Johnson sent a draft bill to Congress to put John Kennedy's profile on the U.S.'s 50¢ piece, wrote a letter to congressional leaders supporting a joint resolution to name the proposed National Cultural Center after J.F.K. He motored across the Potomac to address top Pentagon staffers on the virtues of cutting costs (see following story), breakfasted on tea and Spanish melon with congressional leaders to drive home the point that Defense Department expenditures had to be trimmed.

The President dispatched Adviser Abe Fortas to Atheneum Publishers with a collection of his speeches to be turned into a book, ordered early payment of \$234 million in veterans' insurance dividends to get more cash into circulation. There was a long lunch with Dean Acheson, followed by high praise for Acheson's outlook on foreign affairs, and there was a long private talk with a few reporters about what a crackerjack Defense Secretary Robert McNamara is. The President talked so convincingly of tight budgeting with visiting U.S. Chamber of Commerce President Edwin Neilan that Neilan, a registered Republican, emerged from the oval office to say that he might even vote for Johnson. "I don't always vote a straight ticket," he said, smiling. "I think I'll reserve judgment."

Under One Roof, Johnson also announced that responsibility for setting oil policies would revert to the Interior Department, where it lay during the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. Under Eisenhower and Kennedy, the responsibility had been divided among the Commerce Department, the Federal Power Commission, the Office of Emergency Planning and the White House itself. Now the complicated job of determining import quotas will be done under a single roof. Johnson's motives were partly political: as an oil-state politician, he wanted to avoid possible charges of favoritism. All the same, the result was hailed by the Independent Petroleum Association of America on the grounds that the Interior Department is "the only agency staffed with specialists and technicians capable of providing complete and author-

itative information on the industry."

Looking far southward, Johnson also let it be known that setting U.S. policy on Latin America will no longer be a divided and diluted function. Despite, or perhaps because of, President Kennedy's deep interest in the area, U.S. attitudes and policies were set more by such White House luminaries as Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin than by the man nominally in charge, Assistant Secretary of State Edwin M. Martin. Moreover, U.S. aid to Latin America has been administered by yet another official, Alliance for Progress Coordinator Teodoro Moscoso. Moscoso's talent for development planning is considerable, but his prestige has been dulled by a powerful feeling throughout the rest of Latin America that the appointment of a Puerto Rican as overseer of U.S. aid is downright patronizing. Last week Johnson replaced Martin with Thomas C. Mann, 51, Eisenhower's last and Kennedy's first Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and lately U.S. Ambassador to Mexico. Pierre Salinger reported that "it is the President's intention to place Ambassador Mann in charge of the overall policy coordination of all aspects of Latin American policy under the direction of the President and the Secretary of State."

A Setback from Otto. There were money dealings with Congress—a field in which former Senate Leader Johnson should shine. The Senate did approve and send to the White House legislation providing \$1.2 billion worth of construction and rehabilitation aid to colleges, plus \$1.5 billion to extend the 1958 National Defense Education Act and to help vocational schools and schools in districts heavily populated because of federal installations. But Johnson had little to do with it. Instead, he focused attention on the foreign aid appropriations bill, under heavy attack by Louisiana's Democratic Representative Otto Passman, chairman of the



LOUISIANA'S PASSMAN
... both ways.

House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Operations.

Congress has authorized a \$3.6 billion foreign aid program—but authorizations and appropriations are different matters. Early in the week, Johnson made an unexpected evening visit to Capitol Hill for Speaker John McCormack's informal "Board of Education" session of congressional leaders, dropped in on House Democratic Whip Hale Boggs as well. Later he invited Passman down to the White House for a talk. He told Passman he wanted the full \$3.6 billion for the program and found the pared-to-the-bone \$2.7 billion that Passman was aiming at entirely unacceptable. Johnson offered the same sort of deal that Eisenhower and Kennedy tried to strike with Passman. If Passman would compromise, Johnson would promise to prevent an open fight on the House floor—a fight that could, Johnson insisted, end in Passman's humiliating defeat.

Passman seemed singularly unimpressed. After the meeting, he snapped: "I'll go to the White House when I'm invited, and I'll be polite and I'll listen. But if the day comes when I have to yield my own convictions, fully supported by facts, then I'll go home." Instead of going home, he went straight back to his subcommittee and forced through a cut of \$800 million, from the \$3.6 billion authorization to an appropriations recommendation of \$2.8 billion. Johnson was furious, called in reporters for a statement: "The proposed reductions in foreign aid funds would put our foreign policy in a straitjacket. I cannot believe the Congress intended to require the United States of America to follow policies of weakness and retreat."

A Scratch in the Surface

Above all else, President Johnson worked at projecting a cost-cutting, budget-minded, fiscally responsible picture. Three times in one week, he ordered department heads to review money requests for next year's budget, cut them to the bone. He demanded that Cabinet members weed out nonessential staffers. "In short," he said, "I want you to give as much attention to management as you do to your programs . . . I intend to disapprove any budget request for more personnel except where the facts leave me no choice."

Still, the budget that President Johnson will propose to Congress next month will come to between \$101 billion and \$103 billion, biggest in U.S. history. Of that amount, more than half will go into military spending. Thus the defense budget was plainly the best place to start chopping away. With that fact well in mind, Johnson told Defense Department civilian officials that they must "make the largest effort and achieve the biggest savings."

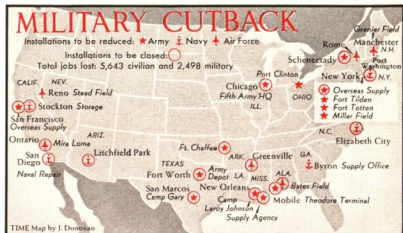
No sooner said than done—or at least started. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara announced that operations would either be cut off or curtailed at 26 defense installations in 14 states (see

map), eliminating 5,643 civilian jobs. Coupled with the shutdown of seven overseas bases (identities unspecified), the move would save an estimated \$106 million a year.

This, of course, would be a tiny drop in the bucket. But the announcement served a shrewd purpose. A major aim of President Johnson's cost-cutting drive was to impress the cost-conscious Congress. But whereas a Congressman may be all for money-saving in the abstract, it is quite a different matter when the proposal is to save money from his

cratic leaders no longer are talking about letting the farmers stew.

Despite all the talk that there would be no new legislation, the Kennedy Administration had begun working up a wheat bill before the President's death to avert a politically damaging decline in farm income. Last week President Johnson was on the phone repeatedly with congressional farm leaders, pleading for passage of a new bill before February. In St. Paul, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman told the National Farmers Union that "a wheat



own state or district. Thus, upon hearing of McNamara's plans, there were the predictable yelps from almost all the affected Congressmen. They were heard by the folks at home, but would hardly sway Secretary McNamara.

At Johnson's order, McNamara also announced plans to trim civilian employment by the Defense Department, both in the U.S. and abroad, by another 25,000 before July 1, 1965. And at week's end he made it plain that there was more coming. Said McNamara: "We have just scratched the surface."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Who's in the Stew?

Last May, the U.S. wheat growers about to vote in a referendum on the Kennedy Administration's high-subsidy program for mandatory production controls, Washington Democrats issued some you'd-better, or-else threats. If the wheat producers turned down the program, their income would suffer—and the Administration vowed that it would not back any sort of substitute program to help them out. "Let them stew in their own juice," snapped an Agriculture Department official.

By an overwhelming vote, the wheatmen turned down the Administration program. According to present forecasts, the vote may mean falling prices and a loss of \$600 million in income next year. But, with 1964 just around the corner and six wheat-belt Democrats up for Senate re-election (against only one Republican), national Demo-

cratic leaders no longer are talking about letting the farmers stew. And in Chicago, where 5,000 farmer-delegates of the conservative American Farm Bureau Federation were holding their 45th annual convention, the Administration made a major effort at conciliating the farmer.

Now's the Time. It was the Farm Bureau, biggest of the U.S. farm organizations with 1,628,295 families, that was chiefly responsible for defeating the Administration's program of stringent controls last May with the slogan, "Freedom v. Freeman." Buoyed by its victory in the referendum and bulging with 20,790 new member families since then, the bureau still is vigorously pressing its demands for a complete Government retreat from the farm field.

"The wheat referendum may have been a major turning point in the continual battle that has been waged for many years between those who believe in an agriculture producing for the competitive market and those who favor Government supply management," said Charles B. Shuman, a Sullivan, Ill., farmer who last week was re-elected president of the Bureau, a job he has held since 1954. But, added Shuman, "farmers dare not be complacent and self-satisfied with the wheat victory. We must eliminate existing Government production-control devices and artificial pricing mechanisms as rapidly as possible. We may never find a better time than now."

No Agreement. Next day Shuman yielded the platform to Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey,



JACKIE'S NEW HOME IN GEORGETOWN
Across from the Todd Lincoln place.

an old champion of huge handouts (and heavy controls) to farmers. Humphrey, who is an aspiring vice-presidential candidate, was in Chicago on Lyndon Johnson's behalf to make peace with the Farm Bureau. He read a letter from Johnson emphasizing the President's desire "to search for better ways" in agriculture and to "use the pricing mechanism of the free market with more vitality." Said Humphrey: "I have now become convinced that the time is at hand to free our farmers from their daily concern over the long-term implications of expanding regulations and controls. There are better ways than mandatory programs for some of our commodities."

At first hearing, Humphrey's statement brought satisfied smiles to the faces of Shuman and his Farm Bureau followers. But then there were some second thoughts. "Quite a show," said an Illinois farmer, "but I don't believe two words of it." In fact, what Humphrey really said was that the Democratic Administration has given up on compulsory controls for the time being, now wants to push through a bill with voluntary features. The current favorite: a proposal by South Dakota's Democratic Senator George McGovern to guarantee a \$2-per-bushel support price for farmers who voluntarily restrict their acreage, and no supports for those who plant all they want to, therefore must sell it at the market price.

Shuman was all for the elimination of compulsory controls in the McGovern bill, but was dead set against the compensatory payments. "That is the reason we would have to oppose it completely," said he. U.S. farmers "ask only to be unshackled and given the opportunity to produce for consumers rather than for politicians. The Farm Bureau will gladly cooperate with the Administration in any sincere re-evaluation of Government agriculture programs and policies."

THE CAPITAL

Change of Address

Except for short walks with her sister Lee Radziwill or Caroline, Jacqueline Kennedy stayed mostly out of public sight in the Georgetown house that she had borrowed from the Averell Harrimans. Press Secretary Pamela Turnure came and went; deliverymen made their rounds; friends and relations came to call. Dave Powers, her husband's Boston friend, stayed for lunch one day; Bobby Kennedy dropped in often. There were the holidays to plan for. They would be spent in Palm Beach, in a house borrowed from a family friend, C. Michael Paul, near the Joseph Kennedys. And, it was announced, after the New Year Jackie would move from the Harriman house to a buff-colored brick home, diagonally across N Street, that she bought last week.

Built in 1794 by one Thomas Beall as an investment for lease or sale to "a genteel family," the three-story residence has seven bedrooms and an elevator. Downstairs, beneath 13-ft.-high ceilings, are a sunny living room and a dining room that can seat 20 at one table or 40 at four smaller ones. Upstairs are a master bedroom and bath, with an old-fashioned wooden porch at the rear of the house, a second bedroom-bath and a large library with a fireplace. On the third floor are four more bedrooms and two baths. The front steps are flanked by a pair of 40-ft. magnolia trees nearly as old as the house. Out back is a flagstone terrace. On top of the house perches a cupola with a view of the Potomac. The house went on the market a year ago for \$325,000, recently came down to around \$190,000. Jackie reportedly got it for a few thousand dollars less. "Let's just say we didn't want to make it difficult for her," says the former owner, Estate Administrator James Gibson.

The neighbors are quiet and well-to-

do. Next door are the Stanley Woodwards—he was State Department Chief of Protocol and Ambassador to Canada under Harry Truman. New Jersey's Republican Representative Peter Frelinghuysen Jr. is across the street in the old Robert Todd Lincoln house. Republican Senator Kenneth B. Keating of New York is around the corner. The purchase gives Jackie three homes, the others being a house at Hyannis Port and the new, ranch-style home in the ride-to-hounds country around Atoka, Va. On a visit to Atoka last weekend with the children, Jackie formally christened that house Wexford, after the Kennedy ancestral seat in Ireland.

Jackie should be moved into her Georgetown home by mid-January. But what then? Travel abroad? A political role in 1964, as was rumored last week? No, said Secretary Turnure. Mrs. Kennedy plans to observe a full year of mourning for her husband, will dress in black, appear at no public engagements.

DEMOCRATS

Veep, Veep

A good nine months before the Atlantic City convention where Lyndon Johnson must finally choose his running mate, Democrats are already playing the game of Veep, Veep. Although there is a new seriousness about it, the rules seem to be pretty much the same. For every argument on behalf of a particular candidate, others are advanced against him—and sometimes the same arguments are used both for and against. A partial lineup:

Bobby Kennedy. Arguments for: the Kennedy name, youth (38), proven political skill, strong civil rights advocate. Arguments against: the dynasty issue, too young, political unpopularity (especially in the South), absence of elective experience, too controversial.

Sargent Shriver. Arguments for: Kennedy family member without the Kennedy name, a Catholic, a good record as director of the Peace Corps, business experience as onetime overseer of Joe Kennedy's Merchandise Mart. Argument against: no elective experience.

Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey. Arguments for: a tried and true liberal, a topnotch orator. Arguments against: too liberal, not a Catholic.

Minnesota's Senator Eugene McCarthy. Arguments for: a liberal, a Catholic, a good speaker. Arguments against: too Catholic, not widely enough known.

Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Argument for: his father's name. Argument against: overuse of that name.

Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Arguments for: a moderate, a Jew, a proven vote getter in bellwether Connecticut. Arguments against: religion, a lackluster record as Kennedy's first Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

New York City Mayor Robert F. Wagner. Arguments for: leading Democratic figure in a pivotal state, a Cath-

olic. Arguments against: a dilatory personality, an uneven record, no national experience.

California's Governor Pat Brown. Arguments for: top Democratic officeholder in a key state, a liberal, a Catholic. Arguments against: an indecisive leader, geographically too close to Lyndon ("I wish," Brown recently complained, "people wouldn't refer to President Johnson as a Westerner").

REPUBLICANS

The More the Better

It certainly seemed to be front-page news, and that is just the way the New York Times handled it: EISENHOWER URGES LODGE TO PURSUE G.O.P. NOMINATION. The story, under the byline of Washington Correspondent Felix Belair Jr., intimated that Ike had all but selected Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., now the U.S. Ambassador to Saigon, as his personal favorite for next year's Republican presidential nomination. Wrote Belair of Ike's sentiments: "He regards Mr. Lodge as one of the very few Republicans who could compete on equal terms with President Johnson on the paramount issue of war and peace."

In fact, nobody was more surprised by the Times story than Dwight Eisenhower himself. He has, of course, high regard for Lodge, who served as his 1952 pre-convention campaign manager, as his Administration's Ambassador to the U.N., and was the Republican vice-presidential nominee in 1960. Just before President Kennedy's funeral, when Lodge was in Washington for consultations about South Viet Nam, he called

LARRY BURROWS—LIFE



LODGE IN SAIGON
Quite a surprise to Ike.



OSWALD & WIFE IN MINSK

Pieces of a nomadic, neurotic past.

INVESTIGATIONS

Dear Ma

Pieces from the nomadic, neurotic past of Lee Harvey Oswald were still being filled in. Among them were copies of 15 letters Oswald had written to his mother, Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, in 1961-62, when he was in Russia, where he unsuccessfully sought Soviet citizenship, and married a Russian girl named Marina Prusakova. What the letters mostly proved was that Oswald was not much on grammar, spelling or punctuation. Excerpts:

▶ "If you decided to send a package please send the following: One can Rise shaving cream (one razor (Gillet). Pocket novels westerns and sciencet fiction—TIME or Newsweek magazine. Chewing Gum and chocolate bars. That's about all. Ha-ha I very much miss sometime to read you should try and get me the pocket novel '1984' by Wells."

▶ "Last weekend we went up into the forest about 50 miles from Minsk to look for mushrooms. everybody does this in the fall. we only found a few but we had a good time. Marina collected flowers at the time also."

▶ "Well, it looks like I'm going to be a papa. We expect the baby at the beginning of March. We would like a boy. What do you think of that? I notice where you say you would like to come to the Soviet Union. I don't recommend it, in my case! You said something about more cans of shaving cream, its not necessary because one can last for a very long time (1½ years)."

▶ "Well, I have pretty good news We shall receive our visa's about the middle of February, which means we may arrive in the U.S. about the 1st of March give or take a month or so. I would like you to do something important for us, get in touch with the Red Cross in Vernon, ask them to contact a organization, called 'International rescue

Ike for "social reasons," casually mentioned that a "number of people" had asked him about his availability for next year. Ike repeated his long-held idea that as far as Republican presidential aspirants are concerned, the more the better.

Said Ike last week: "I would be delighted to see Lodge out there talking, just as I would with Jerry Ford, George Romney, Bill Scranton and all the rest. My position is just as clear as it ever was. I am hopeful that every Republican leader with any kind of audience will help discuss the basic issues, will help develop a consensus, so that the people will have a better chance in finding a voice, in picking a candidate."

As for the Belair story, Ike recalled: "A man came to see me some time ago and seemed keen on Cabot Lodge. He suggested that the more people in this thing, the better off we'd be. That is my own position, and I told him, 'I'm in favor of all, but I have no favorites, and I'm against none.'"

In Saigon, Lodge also knocked down the Times story, said he had "received no such message" from Ike. He continued: "If I did receive such a message, I would consider it and take a good hard look at it. I have no intention of running. I feel I can do the most good by continuing my work here."

Although the Times story was at best misleading, it did have one positive result: it called greater attention to Lodge as the qualified possibility that he certainly is. Almost immediately, Lodge admirers started talking about entering him in next March's New Hampshire primary. This, in turn, had its effect on other G.O.P. hopefuls. The followers of Nelson Rockefeller, figuring that Lodge would take New Hampshire votes away from Rocky and not from Barry Goldwater, were annoyed. And Goldwater backers, figuring exactly the same way, were pleased.

committee,* or any organizations which aids persons from abroad get resettled. There are many such organizations. We need \$800.00 for two tickets from Moscow to New York and from N.Y. to Texas. You show them the enclosed letter from the American Embassy. I want you to try to get the money through some organization, and not try to collect it yourself, alone. Do not, of course, take any loan only a gift. And Don't send your own money."

"**Viva Fidel.**" National headquarters of the pro-Castro Fair Play for Cuba Committee in Manhattan also turned up letters from Oswald. The first, written from Dallas last April, said: "I do not like to ask for something for nothing but I am unemployed. Since I am unemployed I stood yesterday for the first time in my life, with a placard around my neck, passing out fair play for Cuba pamphlets, etc. I only had 15 or so. In 40 minutes they were all gone. I was cursed as well as praised by some. My home-made placard said 'Hands off Cuba, Viva Fidel.' I now ask for 40 or 50 more of the fine basic pamphlets." The material was sent to Oswald.

Meanwhile, Oswald's widow Marina said that she wanted to continue to live in the U.S., preferably in Dallas. Still in protective seclusion, under guard by Secret Service agents, she was described as overwhelmed by the generosity of U.S. residents, who have contributed some \$12,000 toward the future support of herself and her two children. Similar contributions to the widow of Patrolman J. D. Tippit, who was slain by Oswald after the President's assassi-

nation, now total more than \$226,000.

On the formal legal front, events moved slowly. The presidential commission investigating the events of Nov. 22 named former U.S. Solicitor General J. Lee Rankin, 56, as its general counsel. A Nebraska native who owns a 16,000-acre horse and cattle ranch near Fort Pierre, S. Dak., but practices law in Manhattan, Rankin was top government spokesman before the Supreme Court during the second Eisenhower Administration. The commission plans no report until February, at the earliest. Nightclub Operator Jack Ruby, charged with the murder of Oswald, also acquired a well-known attorney: San Francisco's remarkable Melvin Belli (see THE LAW).

LOUISIANA

Once More, with Moderation

Louisiana's Democratic primary for Governor was full of candidates and—for a while—of calumny.

There were ten men running, and several of them had seemed to be vying with one another over who could say the unkindest things about President Kennedy. Not so deLesseps Story ("Chep") Morrison, four-term mayor of New Orleans (1946-61), who resigned as Kennedy's Ambassador to the Organization of American States to make this year's gubernatorial race. Said Morrison: "You can put me down as last in any hating contest."

Kennedy was unpopular in Louisiana, as he was in most of the Deep South. And because Morrison, although a lip-service segregationist himself, was unwilling to inveigh against Kennedy, he was a distinct underdog.

But after the President's assassination, denunciations of him became a very poor political pitch. Most of Mor-

rison's opponents tried to climb back off their limbs, but it was too late. When Louisiana Democrats went to the polls Dec. 7, they gave Morrison 299,702 votes, a whopping 140,000 plurality over the runner-up, Louisiana's Public Service Commissioner John J. McKeithen, 45.

The two will face each other in a Jan. 11 runoff primary, which Morrison has a chance of winning. If he does, and goes on to be elected Governor, it will be a tribute to persistence. Widower Morrison, 51, a Catholic, has tried twice before for Governor. In 1956, he was walloped by Ol' Earl Long. In 1959, he led the field by 65,000 votes in the first primary, only to be drowned out in the runoff by guitar-twanging Songwriter Jimmie Davis, who is Louisiana's current Governor.

CRIME

There's Nothing to Be Sorry For

The phone rang. Young Frank answered, then said: "You have the wrong room. This is 417." But the caller didn't have the wrong room. He had asked the switchboard operator for Frank Sinatra Jr., and Frank had inadvertently told him what he wanted to know.

In the next 30 minutes, while the kidnappers were setting themselves up and closing in, Frank Sinatra's 19-year-old son ate a room-service chicken dinner. A professional singer himself for all of seven months, he was traveling with the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, which was in the sixth day of a three-week stand at Harrah's Club in the Sierra Nevada. The club is on a neon-lit casino strip called Stateline, a non-town that straddles the California-Nevada border along Lake Tahoe's south shore.

No swinger like his dad, young Frank doesn't drink or gamble. So the mer-

* Mrs. Marguerite Oswald failed to secure \$800. Oswald borrowed \$435.71 from the U.S. embassy in Moscow, got home with his wife and child on that. He later repaid the loan.



SINATRA JR. AT PRESS CONFERENCE WITH MOTHER & SISTER TINA
"I think they were more afraid than I was."

chandise vices of Harrah's held little interest for him, and he had been spending his free time in his room in one of the motels that Harrah's maintains for performers and guests, watching TV, drinking Cokes, and listening to tapes of his own performances and his father's, whose way with a lyric has long been to him the canon of perfection.

The Action. With him was a trumpet player named John Foss, 27, and in the overheated room, Sinatra was dressed only in a T shirt and shorts. There was a rap on the door. A young man with dark hair and a long face came in, saying that he had a package for the singer. He bent over, set the box down, and stood up waving a revolver at Sinatra and Foss. Then came an amateur touch. Risking life imprisonment, or death in the gas chamber if he should kill the boy, and obviously planning a ransom play that would involve thousands, the kidnaper began by searching Sinatra's wallet; he found only \$11.

After taping Foss's wrists and eyes, the kidnaper, who by this time had been joined by an accomplice, got Sinatra about two-thirds dressed—shoes but no socks, trousers and a topcoat but only the T shirt beneath. They ripped out the phone, took Sinatra outside and disappeared into a blustering snowstorm. It was Sunday, 9 p.m.

Frank Sr. got the news at his big home in Palm Springs, 400 miles away, and turned ashen. He said later that he had once worried constantly about kidnapers, but that he hadn't thought about it for years because his children were nearly all adults. He had sold his private plane several months ago, so he hired the first thing he could find: a twin-engined Beechcraft. But when he arrived at Tahoe, the blizzard was so thick that the plane was deflected to Reno. Switching to a car, Sinatra started up into the Sierras. But the storm stopped him again ("You couldn't see the hood of the car," said the driver), and he had to turn back.

With FBI encouragement, Sinatra set up a listening post in a sixth-floor suite in Reno's Mapes Hotel, while radio reports announced where he was. For 16 hours he sat by the telephone, smoking cigarette after cigarette and gulping coffee; his only food was a cup of soup.

The Negotiations. The first call came Monday at 6:50 p.m. An assured voice told him that his son was alive. The second call came the next morning, and Sinatra was allowed a couple of words with his son. Less than three hours later, the kidnappers called again and directed Sinatra to go to a Carson City gas station 30 miles away to receive another call. He went, was told that his son was in Los Angeles and that the hoods wanted him there too.

He flew south and went to the home of his ex-wife Nancy, the boy's mother. The kidnappers soon ordered him out to more gas stations. He became familiar with the voice on the other end—"It was a firm voice, 20 or 25 years old, a



IRWIN



KEENAN



AMSLER



PART OF THE \$240,000 SINATRA RANSOM
Without enough discretion in the demeanor.

bit between baritone and tenor. He articulated well. He made statements such as 'Discretion will be the demeanor.'"

As the drama continued to unfold, there were rumors that it was all a publicity stunt or some other sort of hoax, and indeed that was one of the first avenues of investigation probed by the FBI. Then, too, there was the matter of Frank Sr.'s genial flirtation with a kind of shadow Clan of his own, consisting of high-echelon hoods. No one figured out the connection, if any, but many were prepared to view the kidnapping as something less than the real thing. They were wrong.

The "Drop." When the kidnappers finally named their terms, it was after banking hours on Tuesday afternoon—and they wanted \$240,000. Frank got his friend Al Hart, president of Beverly Hills' City National Bank, to get the money together. Hart had it photographed for serial numbers. Then the FBI saw to it that the "drop" was made without alarming any trigger fingers, leaving the money between two school buses parked overnight near a service station. About 12:30 Wednesday morning the kidnappers picked up their prize of \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 bills—12,400 notes in all, wrapped in an 18-in.-square package—and about two hours later released young Sinatra at a San Diego Freeway exit.

Frank Jr. started walking toward home, hiding when cars came by for fear that the kidnappers might have changed their minds and come back for him. In one car was his frantic father, out cruising the area looking for him. Finally, Frank reached the elegant Bel Air district and hailed one of the private patrol cars that the community maintains. To smuggle him past the crowd of reporters, Patrolman George C. Jones popped him into the

car's trunk and proudly delivered him to his waiting mother and father.

"I'm sorry, Dad," said young Frank. Said Frank Sr., embracing him: "You don't have anything to be sorry for."

The Solution. Later young Frank confronted the massed reporters with poise, but revealed little, under orders of the FBI. He had been blindfolded for most of his ordeal, kept in the trunks of automobiles for long periods, but he was in good health. "I was scared. I was a little bit nervous, naturally," he said. But so were the kidnappers. "By the way they talked, I think they were even more afraid than I was."

They had reason to be. At week's end, barely 72 hours after young Sinatra had been released, the FBI had arrested three men, charged them with the kidnapping, and recovered all but \$6,114.24 of the ransom.

The three accused snatchers were not the most professional in the business. One, Barry Keenan, 23, of Los Angeles, a stockbroker's son, had graduated in the same high school class as Nancy Sinatra, young Frank's sister. An unemployed salesman and divorced, he had been charged with petty theft in the past. The other two were equally smalltime. Joseph Amsler, 23, an abalone fisherman from Playa del Rey, had been pinched for a liquor-law violation, mumbled, when asked if his parents could provide \$50,000 bail: "I don't think they would be interested." The third man, John Irwin, 42, of Hollywood, a house painter, had a record of arrests from Maine to California for a mixed bag of crimes ranging from assault and battery to nonstop.

The FBI was not in any hurry to divulge details of how it got to the kidnappers' trail, but agents apparently felt they were at the end of it. Said one: "I think we've got them all."

ESPIONAGE

A Blonde Bond

He planted a long, passionate kiss on my lips and pressed my back against the door until I was limp. Then he swung me easily off the floor and started to carry me up the stairs. "Charles," I remonstrated feebly, "what are you doing?" He looked at me hungrily. "Just point out your bedroom," he said. "You have nothing to fear, chérie."

As a lover, Charles Brousse was the most ardent of all those I met in my career as a spy . . .

Despite the bottled-in-Bond flavor, the scene actually took place in wartime Washington. It was recounted recently in London's *The People* by its heroine, a Mata Hari from Minnesota who worked for British Intelligence under the code name Cynthia. Her real name: Elizabeth Pack. Using the bodouir as Ian Fleming's hero uses a Beretta, she was described by her wartime boss as "the greatest unsung heroine of the war." After the war Cynthia married her onetime prey, the ardent Charles, and with him retreated to a remote 10th century French château where she died last week, at 53, of throat cancer.

Scuppered Admiral. When World War II broke out, blonde, green-eyed Cynthia had been married for nine years to Arthur Pack, a colorless British diplomat who was nearly twice her age. The daughter of a U.S. Marine Corps colonel, at 29 she was adventurous, astute, attractive and, from diligent years on Europe's diplomatic circuit, already an old hand at affairs of state. Leaving her husband, she returned to the U.S. shortly after the fall of France, immediately joining British Security Coordination (B.S.C.), the Manhattan-based intelligence and counterespionage network that was run by Sir William Stephenson, the famed "Quiet Canadian." He sent Cynthia to Washington, where she took a Georgetown house on O Street and went to work.

Cynthia's first big assignment was enough to daunt the wildest old pro: her orders were to get hold of the Italian naval code book. Within a few weeks of first meeting the shapely Betty Pack, Italy's naval attaché, Admiral Alberto Laís, was so scuppered by her that he surrendered the code with hardly a murmur. Italian apologists maintain that Laís, who died in 1951, was actually so ungallant as to give his mistress a fake cipher book. Undeniably, however, British Intelligence thereafter proved uncanonically adept at forestalling Italian fleet movements, notably in the March 1941 sea battle off Greece's Cape Matapan, where the Royal Navy crippled Italy's numerically superior force.

Outwitted Watchman. For the U.S. as well as Britain, Cynthia's most valuable coup was to capture the secret code used by the Vichy government's diplomatic missions as well as the French fleet, which might otherwise have taken thousands of Allied lives during

the invasion of North Africa. Posing as a Washington newswoman, Cynthia had already seduced the dashing Captain Brousse, then the press attaché in the Pétain government's Washington embassy; by playing on his hatred of the Nazis, she made him a willing ally. "I was not just indulging his desires so as to get him to disclose military and diplomatic intelligence," wrote Cynthia. "I was fulfilling a deep need of my own." Brousse more than satisfied her bosses' needs as well by supplying daily copies of all French diplomatic cables. In 1942, when the embassy's naval attaché proved



CYNTHIA AS DEBUTANTE

"Charles, what are you doing . . . ?"

seducible but obdurately pro-Vichy, Brousse even agreed to help her filch the code books from the attaché's office so that they could be copied and returned to the embassy safe unnoticed.

Their tactics were exquisitely Gallic. Charles showed up at the embassy with Cynthia one night and, rustling a few dollar bills, whispered to the understanding watchman that Mme. Brousse was suspicious of their liaison (she was, indeed, and later divorced him). The embassy, Brousse explained to the guard, was the only place where he and his girl could rendezvous, and they soon became regular visitors. On the night they planned to lift the code, with the help of a safecracker called the Georgia Cracker, they put the watchman to sleep with drugged champagne, only to find that the locks were so tough that they had to complete the job a few nights later.

By now, they guessed, the night watchman must suspect that it was not just *amour* they were after. Sure enough, soon after Cynthia and her lover entered the darkened office, the door burst open and the watchman studied them under a powerful flashlight. Finally, he blurted, "I beg your pardon, madame, a thousand times," and fled down the corridor. Before going to work on the safe, Cynthia had taken the simple precaution of removing all her clothes.

RUSSIA

Better Things for Better Living Through Chemistry?

"Utopians think that science can transform the Atlantic Ocean into lemonade," snorted Karl Marx's co-worker, Friedrich Engels. Yet who should be serving up lemonade last week than that old realist Nikita Khrushchev. In the Kremlin's marble-halled Palace of the Congresses, addressing the Communist Party Central Committee and more than 5,000 other comrades, Nikita promised that one great force would miraculously straighten out the Soviet economic mess: Big Chemistry.

Between 1964 and 1970, Khrushchev announced, the regime will spend \$46 billion to expand the Soviet chemical industry—about the same amount that now goes annually into all domestic economic development. Where would the additional money come from? Khrushchev hinted at a radical reduction in military spending. More important, he admitted that Russia would need credit and supplies, including entire factories, from the West—but not, he fumed, at "fabulous profits" to the capitalists.

Brave Talk. Plans call for building 200 new plants and modernizing 500 old ones; since much of the new production will be plastics and synthetic fibers, Soviet citizens may at last find it easier to buy such simple items as nylon stockings and lineoleum flooring. "For the first time in all the 46 years of Soviet power," said Nikita in a remarkable confession, the party and the state can do something about "satisfying the requirements of the people." Moreover, new products must show better design, because it is "no longer possible to tolerate" Russian consumer goods that "look less smart than foreign articles."

An even more urgent task for Big Chemistry is the production of chemical fertilizer. Its output, promised Khrushchev, would be quadrupled from 20 million tons this year to 80 million tons by 1970. This would permit Russia to catch up with the U.S., for U.S. farm surpluses are not the result of any "special American wisdom," Khrushchev insisted; it is just that the U.S. uses almost twice as much fertilizer as the Soviet Union on about half the acreage. Through all this brave talk ran the admission of Russia's disastrous agricultural failures. One arresting figure: although acreage increased 7% since last year, yield actually dropped 20%.

If anyone was inclined to criticize this failure, or the costly palliative of buying grain from the West, Khrushchev had the standard answer: remember how bad things were under Stalin. In 1947, to earn foreign exchange, Stalin and Molotov actually sold grain abroad while in a number of areas "people had bloated stomachs or even died from lack of food." It was the first time Moscow had admitted

that starvation took place in the Soviet Union since the forced collectivization of the early 1930s.

Bulging Warehouses. Following Khrushchev's 4½-hour speech, other Communist bigwigs shook the audience with a series of angry complaints. Most collective farmers do not know the first thing about using chemical fertilizer; the Ukraine is planning a crash program to educate 4,000 "skilled fertilizer appliers." Superphosphate fertilizer arrives at the farms with only 20% of the required chemical nutrients; the rest is worthless ballast that gets lumpy and heavy in the rain. Russia has an impressive 561 soil laboratories, but most of them have only one or two employees and the wrong equipment.

As for the chemical industry itself, managers are still waiting for delivery of equipment designed ten years ago. Some of the products are so ungainly that they pile up unsold in warehouses—for instance, synthetic fur coats, which, complained one speaker, "are so heavy that only well-trained athletes can wear them." Only about 30% of the workers in the industry are engaged in production, while the rest are occupied with maintenance or bureaucratic tasks. Moreover, workers are underpaid and receive only a fraction of the prescribed incentive bonuses.

The matter of personal incentives was clearly the key to the situation, both in industry and agriculture. It is the very nature of collective farming—not the relatively superficial problem of fertilizer production—that accounts for the chronic crisis. As Khrushchev's own figures showed, peasants working on their tiny, private half-acre plots, which comprise less than 1% of the arable land, sell to the state 14% of the country's meat, 30% of the eggs, and raise 65% of the cabbages and potatoes.

THAILAND

Death of a Man

On a visit to Thailand two years ago, Lyndon Johnson said that the time had come for Southeast Asia to "separate the men from the boys" in its battle against Communist aggression. In every sense of the word, Thailand's Premier Sarit Thanarat was a man. A bluff, hard-wenching, hard-drinking soldier, Sarit was also a masterly pro-Western politician who stabilized Thailand's chaotic government and sagging economy, rooted out official corruption and cracked down hard on Communist infiltration. In the "domino" view of Southeast Asia, according to which the collapse of one country could knock over all the others, Thailand alone stood firm, surrounded by tottering neighbors—Laos, Cambodia, Viet Nam, Burma. When Sarit died last week at 55, the U.S. for the first time in five years was forced to worry whether Thailand would become another of Southeast Asia's wavering dominoes.

Trick Achieved. Though Marshal Sarit ruled Thailand as an absolute dic-



THE LATE PREMIER SARIT
His domino alone stood firm.

tator, he had a strong sense of responsibility toward country and people. "Anybody can stage a revolution," he said after seizing power in a bloodless coup in 1957. "The trick, once the revolution has been staged, is winning public approval." On doctor's orders, he went on the wagon, began housecleaning Thailand from top to bottom. He banned opium smoking, and when a rash of fires broke out in Bangkok's business district one winter, he ordered four Chinese merchants shot—a brutal but effective reminder that the annual custom of burning shops to collect insurance for the Chinese New Year was now taboo.

Sarit slashed the price of rice, transportation and school fees, allocated as much money for education as for defense. He encouraged foreign investment and industrial expansion, had more than \$500 million in foreign exchange reserves socked away, spurred a healthy 6% annual rise in the G.N.P. When Communist guerrillas stepped up their

campaign of subversion in the scrubby, impoverished northeast provinces, Sarit set in motion a crash \$300 million program of medical, economic and educational development that undercut the Red threat. Though his rule was absolute, he always knelt before Thailand's King Bhumibol Adulyadej, encouraged Thais to accept the King as head of state and symbol of national unity.

Three weeks ago, Sarit went to the hospital with complications arising from cirrhosis of the liver and a lifetime of hard living. Among his other ailments: enlargement of the heart, high blood pressure, kidney disease, congested lungs. From his hospital bed, he sang to his wife an old Thai ballad that begins: "The love of 100 mistresses could not be compared to the love one has for his own wife." The U.S. Army surgeon general rushed to Bangkok to treat Sarit, but his heart finally gave out.

The Job Ahead. Sarit's death occasioned national mourning and honors usually accorded only to Thailand's royal family. Dressed in a field marshal's uniform, Sarit's body was placed on a bier in Bangkok on the grounds of the Marble Temple. Hundreds of mourners poured scented water from conch shells over the corpse's extended right hand as a gesture of farewell and as a plea for forgiveness for any grievance committed against the dead man. Then the body, folded in a fetal position, was put in an ornate golden urn, where it will remain until it is cremated, probably some time in the early spring.

Sarit's successor is former Vice Premier and Defense Minister Thanom Kittikachorn, 52, a handsome, amiable army general who served unimpressively as Premier in 1958 when Sarit was laid up in a Washington hospital. Thanom was a close friend of Sarit's and a loyal supporter of his policies; he immediately appointed a new Cabinet essentially the same as his predecessor's, promised to follow Sarit's pro-Western, anti-Communist policies. Most in his favor: he inherits a functioning government in which the army provides power, the topflight civil service contributes administrative ability, and the monarchy lends legitimacy to the whole.

But remembering Thailand's shaky, pre-Sarit past, in which coup followed coup, Thailand's most sophisticated leaders know that this system will have to withstand a strong drift back to the old pattern. The Thai nation faces "a tremendous task," says able Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman. "It is, as you say in America, a hell of a job."

CAMBODIA

Ghoulis Glee

Thailand's grief over Sarit's death was in stark contrast to the ghoulis glee it provoked in neighboring Cambodia. Neutralist Prince Norodom Sihanouk long hated Sarit, whom he labeled a Western toady, two years ago broke off diplomatic relations with Thailand in a flurry of epithets. On receiving news of



SUCCESSOR THANOM
Now the U.S. must worry again.

SOUTH VIET NAM:

It is often impossible to tell who is winning, but there is no end in sight to a decade of fighting

Back to Saigon this week, for the second time in three months, goes U.S. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara. His aim: to size up South Viet Nam's new regime, which was helped to power by the U.S. on the theory that it would fight the war more effectively than the murdered President Diem, but which, so far at least, has provided disappointing leadership. The war is still showing

alarming drift, and the Communist guerrillas have shown signs of getting bolder. Last week TIME Correspondent Murray Gari, to get his own look at the war, flew on 26 helicopter missions in five days (three of his choppers were hit by gunfire), came away with the story of a plan for stepped-up aerial strikes against the Reds and some grim impressions of the fighting in general. Gari's report:

AT Saigon airport before dawn, a swarm of helicopters sputtered to life, their whirling blades churning up misty contrails in the cool, damp air. Soon a formation of 13 "Hueys" (UH-1Bs) was airborne and droning away at 2,000 ft. Below, the light of day broke over the Mekong Delta, turning rivers and canals into silvery ribbons among the green paddyclands. Inside the choppers, men long hardened to possible death carefully crushed out their after-breakfast cigarettes.

A mere fifteen minutes out of Saigon and directly south of the capital, the three lead Hueys, bristling with rockets and machine guns, buzzed the target area; they hedge-hopped lines of foliage, hovered over huts, scrutinized the paddyclands. "Negative contact," U.S. Pilot Captain Dennis Boyle radioed to the main force, meaning no ground fire. The rest of the fleet fluttered into the zone, and while armed craft circled protectively, five "skinned" (unarmed) Hueys alighted in a clearing and disgorged 70 Vietnamese troops.

The soldiers swept through a village, rounding up peasants suspected of being guerrillas; some of the men had been found crouching together, unable to explain why they were not out in the fields working. One offered a soldier 1,000 piasters (\$13.60) to set him free; the soldier gladly accepted the payoff, then tagged the captive with a white scarf identifying him as a probable Viet Cong. Shirts were stripped from backs to check for the guerrilla's telltale marks of pack straps. Forty-five minutes later, the helicopters were headed back to Saigon with a haul of 14 prisoners.

Replacing Terror. The operation, called an "eagle strike," is a tactic by which the new government and its U.S. advisers hope to add speed and initiative to anti-guerrilla operations. Though such strikes have long been used in Viet Nam for missions big and small, the program now being launched aims to carry out small-scale, search-and-seize missions as never before, especially in the heavily infiltrated delta. For the first time the U.S. Utility Tactical Transport Company based at Saigon airport has been

assigned "eagle strikes" as a permanent duty.

A U.S. major describes the operation as "a reconnaissance force always seeking out the enemy, striking only when contact is made or intelligence is good enough to make a landing worthwhile. Also, it is carried out by a small force, not one that requires the movement of dozens of craft and battalions of men."

Brigadier General Joseph W. Stilwell Jr., "Vinegar Joe's" son, who "flies" a desk in Saigon but who is always slipping out on chopper missions, puts the tactical challenge in South Viet Nam in brutally frank terms. "The problem," says he, "is to replace Viet Cong control of the countryside, which they maintain through murder, rape, torture and terror, with something else. We don't use terror tactics. The eagle strike is the best way to go after them, using the element of complete surprise. But it is only one way, and we need others."

After completing their crack-of-dawn mission last week, the crews of the 13 Hueys and the 70 Vietnamese soldiers rested while their choppers were being refueled, then were airborne again, heading for a village just twelve miles south of Saigon. This time one helicopter in the first wave took a bullet in the fuselage, but the troop carriers set down anyway. The soldiers found the village flying a Viet Cong flag, rounded up 43 prisoners. Back at the base (by now it was noon), the eagles received a report that a Viet Cong company had been spotted moving ten miles south of Saigon and scrambled once more. Over the area they ran into machine-gun fire, but silenced it with a fusillade of rockets and bullets. Again the Vietnamese landed and rounded up whatever Reds had not managed to escape.

Private Yalu. The helicopter work requires steady nerves. One armed Huey escorting a supply chopper at an outpost on the Plain of Reeds west of Saigon attacked a machine-gun nest that had opened fire. Just before one rocket was dropped, it was apparently struck by a sniper's bullet and blew up, shattering the plane's Plexiglas windows; the gunner and the crew chief suffered superficial but

bloody face wounds. The dialogue over the intercom betrayed no panic:

"Was a rocket blew up, wasn't it?"

"It was something."

"You O.K., O'Shea?"

"Roger."

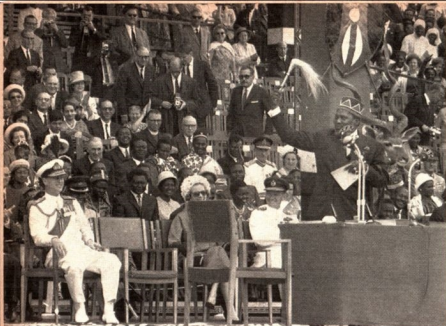
"Anybody else get hit?"

"You got a fat lip there, boy."

During another mission, an aerial attack on two companies of Viet Cong dug into foxholes near the difficult-to-patrol Cambodian border, some of the ground fire came from across a river that separates Viet Nam from "neutral" Cambodia—a river that one American adviser bitterly calls "our own private Yalu."

Dismal Scene. Despite the attempt at improved mobility, South Viet Nam's generals have yet to stage any spectacular feats against the Viet Cong although they have plans on the drawing boards, and government forces last week captured more weapons than they lost for the first time in months. Everywhere one travels, and the only safe mode of travel is by helicopter, the countryside is a dismal sight of actual or threatened Viet Cong control. In the delta to the south, and in two or three provinces around Saigon, there is no doubt of who controls the boondocks. Of mounting concern is the Communists' increased hold on vital Long An province on Saigon's southern flank, where conditions have become precarious. A U.S. adviser says wryly that there is no need in Long An for the government's plan to abolish some of the overextended outposts. "The Viet Cong," he says, "are doing that for us."

In a guerrilla war, it is often impossible to tell who is winning. But in Viet Nam some things do seem certain: many more lives will be tragically lost, the war cannot possibly be won by 1965, and a rich jewel of a country carved out of ancient Indochina sees no end in sight to a decade of Red-initiated fighting. About the best that can be expected is to maintain hope, apply muscle in the right places, make long-range commitments, and retain a dogged determination to keep fighting. Then maybe, just maybe, events and the tide of battle will merge to keep this piece of real estate from Communist control.



PRINCE PHILIP AT INDEPENDENCE CEREMONY WITH THE PRIME MINISTER
Black for the people, red for the blood, green for the land, white for the few.

the death, special concerts were scheduled to celebrate the occasion. Prince Sihanouk allowed civil servants to report for work two hours later for a fortnight so that they could "dance and amuse themselves."

In an official proclamation, a government broadcast said that "thanks to divine protection, all Cambodia's enemies suffer complete destruction. Ngo Dinh Diem and Ngo Dinh Nhu were killed by bullets. Their friend Sarit, who mistreated Cambodia incessantly, met with sudden death. Moreover, the great boss of these aggressors met the same fate." When the U.S. officially protested these words, Cambodia denied any derogatory intentions toward President Kennedy, but it huffily recalled its ambassador from Washington.

At the same time, with consummate gall a government announcement claimed that the U.S. had taken "too literally" Sihanouk's recent decision against accepting further U.S. aid; Washington, went the new complaint, immediately stopped all projects in progress instead of letting the Prince decide the cutoff dates himself. Ordering all U.S. military and economic missions out of the country by Jan. 15, Sihanouk threatened: "We will be happy to break off diplomatic relations with the U.S." The State Department replied by ordering U.S. Ambassador Philip Sproule back to Washington for "consultations."

KENYA

Uhuru Is Not Enough

The Youth Rally at Nairobi last week was interrupted by the sudden appearance of four rangy Africans. Each was clad in animal skins, armed with sharp-bladed pangas and wearing his hair in long braids smeared with red mud—the fighting insignia of the Mau Mau terrorists. The crowd fell silent as

the four approached the dais where sat Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta and his honored guest, Prince Philip, husband of Britain's Queen Elizabeth. With his lumbering, elephant walk, Kenyatta descended from the dais, pushed through his startled security guards, and greeted the Mau Mau. "Kenya is free now," he said. "There is no need to hide or fight." Peacefully, the four men surrendered their weapons.

The Ceremony. Although Kenya's vicious Mau Mau long ago stopped fighting, many were still hiding out in the green-black forests on the slopes of Mount Kenya. All week they drifted back—"Field Marshal" Mwariama and 50 assorted "generals." The foreign representatives arriving along with the Mau Mau ranged from Red China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi to India's Indira Gandhi and U.S. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall. Also from the U.S., as guests and entertainers, came Harry Belafonte and Miriam Makeba.* There were balls, garden parties, receptions, the laying of cornerstones, and the presentation of gifts. Queen Elizabeth gave Kenyatta the royal lodge at Sagana; the Aga Khan turned over to him his own former residence; a group of U.S. businessmen donated a white Lincoln Continental.

The climax came when Kenyatta got into his new car and was driven to Uhuru Stadium. At five minutes before midnight, as Kenyatta rose to take part in the flag-raising ceremony, Prince

Philip whispered jokingly to him. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to change your mind now?" Smiling, Kenyatta shook his head and, accompanied by Britain's Governor Malcolm MacDonald (who will stay on as Governor-General), walked to the two flagpoles in the center of the stadium. In order to spare British onlookers all possible anguish, Kenyatta had tactfully ordered that the lights be dimmed during the moment the Union Jack was lowered, and then blazed on again as Kenya's flag was raised. The new banner: black for the people, red for the blood that has been shed, and green for the land, with thin white lines inserted between the colors. The white, says Kenyatta, is to ensure that the flag represents all Kenyans.

Slowly the banner of Africa's 35th new state unfurled to wild cries of "Uhuru!" and the explosion of fireworks. Minutes later, word reached the stadium that a team of climbers had reached the summit of Mount Kenya, planted the new flag and lit flares that illuminated the sacred mountain "like a fireball."

The Problems. Despite his estimated 73 years (he claims not to be sure of his birth date), and frequent signs of fatigue, Kenyatta is still tall and broad-shouldered, his eyes huge and piercing. In his time he has been a farm boy, student, laborer, meter-reader, respected anthropologist, headmaster, convicted terrorist and, for decades, the unparalleled idol of millions of Africans. The country he now rules carries most of its old ills into independence.

Abroad, the most immediate problem is a violent quarrel with Kenya's northeastern neighbor, Somalia, which lays claim to the barren but extensive Northeastern Region, inhabited by 200,000 Somalis (see map). To diminish such quarrels, Kenya is earnestly pushing an East African Federation of Kenya with Tanganyika and Uganda, which would create a nation of 25 million people and might eventually be ex-



MWARIAMA & KENYATTA
And most of the old ills.

* Independence brought about a reunion of Kenyatta's far-flung families. His English third wife, Edna May, and her 20-year-old son Peter, a Cambridge undergraduate, flew to Nairobi and were met by Kenyatta's fourth wife, Ngina, an African, and his daughters Margaret, 34, and Jane, 14, by his first wife Grace, also an African. His second wife, whose name Kenyatta refuses to divulge, is said to have died about twelve years ago.

tended to such small states as Zanzibar, Niyasaland, Rwanda and Burundi. Internationally, Kenya will, of course, be neutralist and accept aid from both East and West.

Kenyatta himself has hardly shown any Communist sympathies, but his Home Minister, Oginga Odinga, is a left-winger who has already set up a state news agency with Russian and Czech help. He is perhaps balanced by Justice Minister Tom Mboya, who is at present politically in the shade, but remains strongly nationalist and generally pro-Western.

At home, Kenyatta must reckon with a population that is soaring at an annual rate of 3.4%, and though the government intends within five years to settle 50,000 African families on a million acres in the "White Highlands" bought from European settlers with \$80 million supplied by Britain, by that time an additional 100,000 families will be clamoring for land. Kenya's huge labor surplus must idly await the slow development of industry, and there is a great lack of trained professionals to replace the departing whites. For example, Kenya has 750 doctors but needs at least 9,000.

The Outlook. Painstakingly, Kenyatta pleads with his people to accept *Harambee*, a Swahili word meaning "pull together." He tells Africans that they must concede full partnership to whites and Asians, and tells his own dominant Kikuyu tribe that they must work amiably with other tribes. The opposition KADU Party, which elected only 31 of the 130-member House of Representatives, is falling apart as more and more of its own Representatives climb on the Kenyatta bandwagon, lured by government jobs and patronage. As a result, Kenya will probably

become a typically African one-party state, but probably not in so virulent a form as Ghana or Guinea. No one can ignore the difficulties ahead—the uneasiness of the remaining white settlers, the fears of the Asians who control most of the nation's commerce, the age-old tribal rivalries that could explode into separatism or tribal war. But the departing British are greatly impressed by Kenyatta's growing statesmanship.

"Only we can save ourselves," he told his people last week. "Nobody else can save us. In the past we have blamed the Englishman when anything went wrong. We said he was sucking our blood. Now the government is ours, and now you will blame Kenyatta. But you should know that Kenyatta, by himself, cannot give you anything. I urge you to work hard so that our *Uhuru* will be meaningful. From today on, our motto will be '*Uhuru na Kazi* [Freedom and Work].'"

ZANZIBAR

Long Way from Utopia

"*Uhuru*" was also being shouted to the southeast, 80 miles from Kenya's coast on the tiny, palm-wreathed island of Zanzibar. To the accompaniment of a 41-gun salute, a red, gold and green flag was hoisted in Zanzibar Town, replacing the Union Jack and ending 73 years of British rule in the clove-scented protectorate of Zanzibar and neighboring Pemba Island. With a population of only 300,000 on the two islands, Zanzibar becomes Africa's smallest independent nation.

For more than three centuries, Zanzibar was the jumping-off place for adventurers and explorers and a sanctuary for slavers, who carried their black cargo from the mainland beyond the range of avenging tribes. Swept by the monsoons, shovels from the Arabian peninsula brought Moslem raiders who installed Arab sultans and kept the island's black majority in bondage cultivating the clove groves (the island still supplies 75% of the world's cloves). After the British took over in 1890, troops kept the racial peace, but today race riots sporadically erupt. Though the Arabs make up less than 20% of the population, they control the economy, dominate the new government through the Arab-led Nationalist Party.

The new nation faces pressing problems. The per capita income is only \$56 a year, and the population is still so primitive that in last summer's general election both the Nationalist Party and the opposition Afro-Shirazi Party hired witch doctors to influence the results. Like Kenya's Kenyatta—and unlike some other African leaders—Prime Minister Sheikh Mohammed Shante Hamadi does not equate *uhuru* with Utopia. "We appreciate that freedom does not mean a distribution of loot," he said at last week's independence ceremonies. "There is no loot to distribute."



SIR ARKU KORSAH
Sacking the court.

GHANA

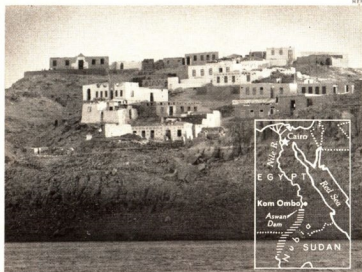
Outrage At Law

Dictator Kwame Nkrumah outdid himself last week. He not only flatly refused to free three political prisoners who had been acquitted by Ghana's highest court, but he summarily fired the judge who had presided over their trial.

The defendants, five in all, were charged with treason after Nkrumah was wounded in the shoulder by a bomb in an attempt on his life in August 1962. The dictator's tame press had repeatedly condemned them in advance. But Chief Justice Sir Arku Korsah, who headed the three-man court, chose to ignore the hint. At the end of a 51-day trial, he convicted two of the accused, who will be hanged, but exonerated the three top officials who were charged with masterminding the conspiracy. Among the three: former Information Minister Tawia Adamafio, 51, a left-wing, London-educated lawyer who had once been Nkrumah's closest crony. The prosecution cited as "evidence" the fact that Adamafio had refused to sit beside the President on the day that he was to be killed and claimed that later, when Nkrumah lay on a hospital operating table, he had tried to engage him in "wearisome argument" in order, literally, to talk him to death.

Along with the other defendants—a former foreign minister and a leader of Nkrumah's ruling Convention People's Party—Adamafio was formally "discharged" by the court. But the trio was immediately bundled back into the cells. Interior Minister Kwaku Boateng cynically explained that their acquittal "was the sole responsibility of the judiciary, not of the government, which is therefore not bound to take any cognizance of it." They will remain in jail under a law that permits the government to detain any citizen for ten years





NUBIANS' OLD HOMES

The river brings life, death and too many wives.

without trial "in order to prevent him from acting in a manner prejudicial to Ghana's security."

Leaping to Nkrumah's defense, the Ghanaian Times recalled Franklin Roosevelt's 1937 attack on the U.S. Supreme Court, adding: "We cannot have a wig-and-gown cantata while Rome is burning. The nation cannot be hamboozled by the diabolic insinuations and aspersions of a confused and antagonistic judiciary." Nkrumah completed the outrage when, in violation of Ghana's constitution, he sacked Sir Arku Korsah, 69, a widely respected jurist who in 1956 became Ghana's first black Chief Justice. Noting that even South Africa's high-handed Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd has never interfered with the judiciary, a shocked British official said: "This is the Stalinist technique."

COMMUNISTS

The Yellow Man's Burden

Hong Kong's two Communist dailies last week breathlessly recounted the exploits of one Cheng Ho, a eunuch employed by the third Ming Emperor, whose fleet of junks explored the East African coast 80 years before the Portuguese got there in 1498. Both front-page stories, purporting to prove that China and Africa had a long history of "friendly intercourse," celebrated the departure for post-colonial Africa of Communist China's Premier Chou En-lai, who is the grandest panjandrum from Peking ever to visit that continent.

The tour, lasting six weeks or more, will take Chou and two platoons of advisers to at least nine "nonaligned" African countries, with a side trip to Albania, Red China's Eastern European satellite, and on the way home, a stop-over in Pakistan. Competing with Moscow for friends among underdeveloped nations, Chou evidently wants to es-

tablish the yellow man's burden, even if China cannot exactly afford to pick it up. Among Afro-Asian countries, Peking's prestige has slumped badly as a result of its refusal to sign the nuclear test ban. In Africa alone, 17 of 33 nations voted last October to deny Red China a seat in the U.N., while only ten had diplomatic relations with Peking.

During the flight to Cairo aboard a chartered KLM DC-7, Chou stripped down to long underwear for a seven-hour sleep, wolfed hearty portions of Russian caviar before landing. Though Egyptian authorities provided an enthusiastic crowd to greet the Chinese Premier, the official welcome was somewhat restrained. President Nasser—in Tunisia to attend ceremonies marking France's withdrawal from the Bizerte naval base when Chou arrived—got back to Cairo in time to give a lavish banquet at Abdin Palace. He presented Red China's premier with Egypt's highest decoration—the Collar of the Nile; in return, Chou rose to pledge an association between their two countries as enduring as "the ever-flowing Nile and Yellow Rivers."

But Nasser scheduled as few meetings as possible, instead loaded the visitor's schedule with trips to Nasser's pet projects, notably the Aswan Dam, where 2,000 Russian technicians could hardly escape Chou's notice. What with some \$1.5 billion in Soviet aid and heavy dependence on U.S. wheat to feed Egypt, Nasser has had strained relations with Peking of late. Days before Chou's arrival, his press belatedly chided China for its attack on India.

The welcome might be more satisfactory in countries that have or need Chinese technicians, loans and trade agreements—Algeria, Guinea, Ghana, Mali. Elsewhere, Chou's reception promises to range from the cool to the curious, roughly the way it was back in Cheng Ho's day.



NEW HOMES AT KOM OMBO

EGYPT

Exodus From Nubia

"We went to the graves of our ancestors for the last time," said Sheik Ahmed Mardani. "The women and children cried and we tried to console them, but we knew our homes were lost and our lives changed forever."

Sheik Mardani's lament was for himself and 100,000 other Nubians in Egypt who last week were being evacuated from their ancestral homeland on the Nile banks. The exodus was necessary because the Aswan High Dam, being built by Egypt with Russian help, next spring will back up the Nile, creating a huge 1,800-sq.-mi. reservoir that eventually will give Egypt vast new irrigated acres and electric power. But it will also flood the gaily painted houses of the Nubians, their cemeteries, mosques and groves of date palm.

Wild Valley. In their wild, inaccessible valley, the Nubians prospered tranquilly for centuries until the first Aswan low dam was built in 1902. The rising Nile water drove the villagers farther up the cliffs, and the process was repeated in 1912 and 1933 as the dam was successively raised to a height of 182 ft. Half of Nubia's 30,000 arable acres were lost and the remaining 15,000 could only be hastily cultivated when the Nile was low.

As the land vanished, Nubian men sought work in the cities, where their proverbial honesty and fanatical cleanliness won them jobs. Now, at the rate of 300 a day, the remaining Nubians are being moved downstream from their villages to the Kom Ombo area, some 40 miles north of Aswan.

The government of President Gamal Abdel Nasser, determined to make a showpiece of Kom Ombo, is at work on 25,000 houses, 138 stores, 33 mosques and 36 schools. The houses have been built largely to the Nubians' own specifications, with high-walled patios, animal pens, 12-ft. ceilings and up to four bedrooms per house. They will soon be adorned with traditional Nubian frescoes—stylized scorpions, lions, fish, snakes, suns, moons and stars. "After all," says Sheik Mardani, "there's no law against beauty."

Thundering Express. Yet most Nubians were appalled by the first sight of their new home. Groaned one old man: "I used to be awakened each

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morning by the murmuring river waters. Now it is the dawn Cairo express from Aswan thundering in my ears." In Nubia, polygamous husbands had separate houses for each wife; at Kom Ombo, a man's wives must share his house, and many husbands, dismayed by the prospect, have divorced all wives save one. But a man who risked keeping both his wives concedes that the arrangement has advantages. "Here I do not have to move from house to house. I go one night to one room, the next night to the other room. It spares the strength of my wives and is good for me, too. Since I have a third bedroom, I'm thinking of getting a third wife."

Nubian women seem happy about the move. Stone walls and concrete floors are a welcome change after a dusty lifetime of adobe and mud. Besides, there are movies, television, schools and clinics. As the Nubians file aboard the paddle steamer headed for Kom Ombo—loaded down with palm fiber beds, carved wooden chests, magical amulets, goats and sheep—they try to exorcise their grief of leave-taking by singing. One song runs: "The Nile is drowning Nubia and we must forget the past. The river brings life and the river brings death."

GREECE

Goodbye Again

"Everybody wanted to cut my wings," protested ex-Premier Constantine Karamanlis. "I refused to stay and let them use their scissors." With this bitter farewell hurled at King Paul, and at Greek voters who had ended his eight-year administration, Karamanlis abruptly exiled himself to Paris.

No Watchdog. Though Conservative Karamanlis was the ablest Premier in recent Greek history, King Paul and Queen Frederika considered him high-handed (he thought the same of the Queen); they also opposed his ideas of reforming the constitution to give the Premier stronger executive powers. In June, when they rejected Karamanlis' advice to call off a scheduled state visit to Britain because of possible leftist demonstrations, he resigned and spent three months in a Swiss villa. Returning to run for re-election, he was narrowly defeated by wily, middle-of-the-road George Papandreou, 75. Karamanlis wanted to quit then, but was dissuaded by his political allies and the King, who convinced him that as leader of His Majesty's loyal opposition he would be democracy's watchdog.

But Karamanlis wanted to be top dog, and he growled at each new move that boosted Papandreou's popularity. The new Premier froze rents, lavishly promised all Greeks a free education, declared a moratorium on farmers' debts, offered wage boosts to just about everybody. He gave up the Premier's limousine ("We can build four village schools with the money"), opened his office once a week to petitioners who swamped him with gripes, job requests,

even demands to speed up their divorces. Though anti-Communist, Papandreou also managed to please leftists. He promised to free most of the 1,000 political prisoners, in jail since the end of the Communist civil war in 1949. He also complained, accurately, that the Greek defense budget, amounting to 5% of its gross national income, is higher than that of other small nations in NATO, called for more foreign aid (actually, the U.S. is planning cutbacks).

Triumphal Return? Though some economists hopefully predicted that Papandreou's spending spree will be covered by rising national income, Greek businessmen were uneasy. When King Paul, siding with the new Premier, agreed to postpone a parliamentary vote of confidence, Karamanlis fumed; he charged that in delaying



QUEEN FREDERIKA & KARAMANLIS (1959)
Was someone being high-handed?

the early test of strength, the King was submitting to "blackmail" by Papandreou, who implicitly threatened that his defeat might cause political disorder and help the left.

Finally, Karamanlis summoned his closest political aide and told him: "I'm retiring and leaving Greece—tomorrow." He booked space under a false name on a flight to Paris. Only after Karamanlis and his wife had departed did his National Radical Union get the word. Stunned, they elected a new party chairman and took whatever comfort they could from a letter their leader had left behind: "When a statesman knows what is best for his country but cannot carry it out, he must, instead of compromising with his conscience, retire."

Karamanlis apparently hopes that if Papandreou makes a mess of things he can return from exile in triumph. In the event of new elections, his supporters are ready to campaign under the slogan "Bring Karamanlis Back." As for Papandreou, he claims to be looking forward to a new vote, confident of an easy victory.

AUSTRALIA

Asians, Keep Out!

Underpopulated Australia spent \$30 million in 1963 to attract new citizens, since war's end has increased its population from 7.5 million to a mere 11 million. That adds up to fewer inhabitants than Pennsylvania has, in an area 66 times larger. Nonetheless, Australia clings to some of the world's most restrictive immigration laws, has traditionally discriminated against Asian and other nonwhite immigrants in order to preserve what Immigration Minister Alexander Downer has described as "an Anglican European community embodying all that is best of the Old World and the New."

Australia's "immigration apartheid" dates from the latter half of the 19th century, when 50,000 Chinese flocked there to work farms and gold mines; white colonists, fearful that the newcomers would depress wage levels, clamored for restrictive laws. Today fewer than 80,000 Asians live permanently in the country, and experience little racial discrimination, but only a few "distinguished and highly qualified Asians" are ever granted residence permits.

Whim Creek. The White Australia policy is often carried to absurd, esoteric extremes. Recently, five Japanese technicians employed by a Japanese-controlled mining concern—at, of all places, Whim Creek in Western Australia—were convicted of violating an obscure 1904 law specifying that "no Asiatic or African alien shall be employed in any capacity whatever in or about any mine claim." As a result, Western Australia's state legislature last week repealed the law, but virtually negated its action by adopting an amendment specifying that Asians must still get government permits to work in the mines.

There is even less hope for liberalization of national immigration policies, whose principal victims are the parents and children of mixed marriages. One typical case this month involved an Indian couple who came to Australia in 1962 to live with their two sons, both of whom are married to Australian girls, only to be ordered out of the country. Said the father: "I've found hell in Australia."

Skeptical Neighbors. Critics of the White Australia policy, including leading churchmen and educators, object that only through selective Asian immigration can the government hope to attract all the skilled citizens it needs. Moreover, they argue, Australia can never realize its potential as a leader of Southeast Asia so long as its neighbors are convinced that Australians are white supremacists. Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies in fact ordered more liberal interpretation of immigration policy, but he insisted during the recent election campaign that he would never permit any basic reform in the law. To do so, said he, "would create in Australia the kind of dreadful problems they now have in other countries."

THE HEMISPHERE

BOLIVIA

The Captives in the Hills

"Tell them in La Paz that the important thing is not to send the troops," pleaded USIA Official Thomas Martin. "If they bring in troops, we're finished."

There the captives sat last week—Martin and three other Americans, a Dutchman, a German and eleven Bolivians—frightened and endangered pawns in a medieval power struggle high in the Bolivian Andes. Dark-faceted Indian women, wives of rebellious tin miners, stood guard over them in a shabby union hall at the 14,000-ft.-high Siglo Veinte mine, 135 miles from La Paz. The women cradled Tommy guns and tucked dynamite caps beneath their bulging petticoats. On the floor below, just a bullet's zing through the wooden boards should fighting break out, 50 cases of dynamite were stored.

Rivals in Power. The 17 prisoners were being kept as hostages, kidnapped by the miners in a desperate effort to trade them for two left-wing union leaders held for a long string of crimes. But more than the arrest of the two union leaders was involved: the miners were in open defiance of the government in La Paz. And their leader, Juan Lechín, 50, Bolivia's far-leftist Vice President, was using their grievances as a defiant bid for power against Victor Paz Estenssoro, Bolivia's constitutional President, who intends to run for re-election next May.

Both Lechín and Paz are members of Bolivia's ruling M.N.R. Party, and together they plotted the 1952 revolution that toppled the country's feudal tin-mining aristocracy. But once in power, Paz and Lechín swiftly became bitter rivals. As Minister of Mines, Lechín, who is part Arab and part Indian, styled himself a "Trotskyite Commu-

nist," turned the 40,000-man miners' union into his private militia, and proceeded to featherbed the nationalized mines with 6,000 unneeded workers. The miners called him "El Maestro"—but the once profitable mines became a shambles, losing money at the rate of \$8,500,000 a year. Lechín's miners elected him president of the entire Bolivian Workers Federation. By 1960, too powerful to be ignored any longer, Lechín was made Vice President on the ticket with Paz and started plotting to undercut the President himself.

Last year when Paz gained the upper hand, Lechín chose semi-exile as Bolivia's Ambassador to Rome. Paz then set about reorganizing the nationalized mines that normally produce 90% of the country's export income. To win \$35 million in foreign help (from the U.S., West Germany and the Inter-American Development Bank), Paz reformed the mine management, reduced the power of the unions, and boldly fired more than 1,000 unneeded miners.

Call to Revolt. Lechín hurried home from Rome to fight. In radio broadcasts to the tin miners, he accused Paz of selling out to the "imperialists." At a labor rally, under a banner proclaiming the WORKING CLASS AGAINST THAT CALAMITY CALLED THE ALLIANCE FOR PROGRESS, Lechín announced his own presidential candidacy.

One night two weeks ago, police laid a roadside ambush for two longtime Lechín lieutenants, Federico Escobar and Irineo Pimentel, who were wanted on a series of charges ranging from embezzlement to manslaughter. After a blazing gunfight, the two union men were dragged off to jail. When word of the arrests reached the mines, raging workers surged through the streets, tossing sticks of dynamite into the air.

By sheer coincidence, four Americans—USIA officers Martin, 27, and Michael A. Kristula, 41; Bernard Rifkin, 52, labor adviser to the Agency for International Development; and Robert Fergerstrom, 26, a Peace Corps volunteer—were in the area to deliver a \$15,000 check to finance two new schools. As they sat in the home of the Dutch manager of the Siglo Veinte mine, a twelve-ton Mercedes truck rumbled up, and out piled 60 miners. Waving Czech mausers and pistols, shouting "Gringo! Gringo!" they burst into the house and hauled out the foreigners. By dawn, 17 hostages were prisoners in Siglo Veinte's union building. A radio message went out from the mines to the government in La Paz: the hostages in exchange for the two union leaders "or else." Lechín casually denied all responsibility in the kidnapping: "It is a tradition in the mines."

Full Assistance. The U.S. Government was outraged. Secretary of State Rusk fired off a wire to Lechín holding him personally responsible for the hostages' safety. An angry President Johnson immediately offered the Bolivian government "full assistance"—whatever it wanted, including arms and men—to secure the prisoners' release. In Bolivia there was talk of helicopter-equipped U.S. Army Special Forces troops standing by in Panama, ready to fly to Bolivia for a lightning rescue.

Fearing the effect of such a U.S. offer on the already aroused miners, the Bolivian government quickly denied that any U.S. arms aid was requested—or needed. President Paz ordered 3,000 troops to encircle the mine area, then made his own position clear: there would be no exchange of prisoners, and the miners must release their captives. But neither Paz nor the miners would give in. To send the army in to rescue



LECHÍN (TALL, GREY) WITH SUPPORTERS & KIDNAPED AMERICANS FERGERSTROM, KRISTULA, RIFKIN & MARTIN
Caught under a featherbed and a cache of dynamite.

the hostages. Paz feared, might bring on their deaths and plunge the nation into bloody civil war.

Desperate Appeals. As the tension increased, a handful of newsmen, among them TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott, was permitted to visit the dingy mine standing on a barren mountain. He found the men held in two rooms decorated with bright pictures of Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. They were treated well enough, they said, but their dynamite-laden female wardens were getting extremely nervous. Both the mother and wife of arrested Union Leader Pimentel were among the guards. Reported Scott: "The women are surly, well armed, impulsive and dangerous. Even if the men wanted to relent and give up the hostages, it would be difficult without the safe return of Escobar and Pimentel. The authority, such as it is, lies in the primitive breasts of these bowler-hatted women."

From their jail cell in La Paz, the two union men made a taped radio broadcast to the miners, pleading for the release of the hostages to prevent a "bloody massacre." The miners refused, believing that their leaders were coerced into making the plea. Lechin himself returned to La Paz, and in a desperate attempt to make a deal, offered to resign as Vice President and return the hostages if Paz Estenssoro would free the two union leaders and three other leftists in jail. "It was a mistake in the first place to take the hostages," he admitted.

Finally, as troops advanced toward the mines, Lechin seemed to be impressed by the government's determination. In a radio appeal to miners, a weary, red-eyed Lechin urged them to honor Paz's conditions for settlement—assurances of a fair trial for the two jailed union leaders if the hostages are freed. Lechin then said he was leaving for Siglo Veinte to make a personal appeal, and President Paz Estenssoro announced terms had been agreed on and that the prisoners would soon be released. Even so, said a U.S. Embassy official, "We won't be happy until we see the hostages right here in La Paz."

MEXICO

Revolutionary Promise

Mexico's revolution finally caught up last week with a promise made long ago to industrial workers. The constitution written in 1917 calls for capital to share its profits with labor. The rhetoric was impressive, but the constitution was vague on precisely how to go about it. Over the years, labor and management could never agree on a plan. In 1961 Mexico's Congress approved a constitutional amendment—later ratified by a majority of Mexico's 29 states—giving the government power to force a settlement. Now outgoing President Adolfo López Mateos has signed the profit-sharing amendment into law.

Under the plan, a committee com-



PEASANT FAMILY IN LA LAGUNA
A half-century to collect.

posed equally of management, labor and government representatives will determine what share of each company's profits should be passed on to the workers. Some 80% of Mexico's non-agricultural industries, both local and foreign owned, will be affected—but the result will not be a dramatic switch away from capitalism. Mexico has too many unemployed for employees to have the upper hand; even a regime that proclaims itself revolutionary has no desire to interfere too much with a profitable economy. The complex profit-sharing formula takes into account productive capacity, stockholder dividends, reinvested capital, interest, taxes and a dozen other factors. After all these deductions and allowances, a worker could get as much as a month's extra salary a year. Most will get less.

Out of the Dust Bowl

Another sweeping promise of the Mexican revolution was agriculture—land for the landless and food for all. Yet half a century later, less than one-tenth of the country's acreage is under cultivation, much of it in the semiarid north and much of that belonging to the controversial *ejido* collectives. Peasants are guaranteed a plot of land, but the farms are small, dry and often uneconomic, rarely exceeding twelve acres. Peasant families have trouble feeding themselves, to say nothing of providing food for a nation whose population grows by 3.5% annually.

Last year López Mateos approved a bold plan aimed at transplanting entire farm communities from drier, unproductive sections of the country to Mexico's humid, less populated tropics. So far the biggest of these colonies is in Campeche state, an almost virgin territory of well-watered savanna and jungle down near the Guatemalan border. Last week, after nine months of pioneering, the first 700 peasants of an estimated 20,000 were settling in at Campeche, and a whole new chapter in Mexican land reform was underway.

Campeche's settlers come from Mexico's drought-stricken midsection—mostly from La Laguna, which once produced half of Mexico's cotton but is now a disaster area (TIME, March



PIONEER IN CAMPECHE
Ten years to pay.

15). Each will be moved by the government, supplied with food for a year, given materials for building a cement-block house, 40 acres of fertile land, plus—on a communal basis—five acres of permanently irrigated land and 56 acres of forest and grazing land. Each town will have a school and a health center with a fulltime doctor and two nurses. The government estimates the cost of the Campeche project at \$1,000,000, which the landowning peasants will repay at a rate of \$1,200 per family—the first payment due in 1973.

THE AMERICAS

Resuming Relations

The U.S. publicly deplores military takeovers in Latin American countries, but if they last, invariably winds up dealing with the new governments. Last week, after a two-month wait, the State Department formally resumed diplomatic relations with Honduras and the Dominican Republic, whose constitutional Presidents were ousted by military coup. Honduras, poor even by Central American standards, desperately needs Alliance for Progress aid (\$4.2 million in fiscal 1963). Recognition of the Dominican Republic will enable the U.S. to keep a closer eye on a potentially dangerous Castroite guerrilla flare-up there. The soldiers running the two countries made only distant promises of new elections, but the U.S. considered it a start. As one Washington official put it: "Withholding recognition was a necessary step. But non-recognition, in the long run, is not a satisfactory policy. Non-recognition has never beaten anybody to their knees and has never changed a government. When we're not on the scene, we end up sitting back and watching our own interests go to pot."



MARIAN ANDERSON
One in a century.

Toscanini said that a voice like hers comes but once in a century. Now Contralto **Marian Anderson**, 61, has decided that it will soon be time to retire. The first Negro to sing at the Metropolitan Opera (in 1955), possessor of a score of honorary degrees and countless other kudos, she will undertake one last world tour running from next October to the following June, with a final U.S. appearance on Easter Sunday, 1965, in Carnegie Hall. Carnegie's box office is already getting ticket requests.

When he fled to Rio de Janeiro in 1958, leaving behind a string of bank frauds totaling upwards of \$800,000, Financial "Boy Wizard" **Earl Belle**, then 26, announced that he would "never" return to the U.S. Trouble is, Tinkerer Belle got himself into an international check-swindling operation in Brazil. When local cops tumbled to the game, Belle had a choice of going on trial there or back home. Home was where the clink is cleaner, and Belle was hustled aboard a New York-bound jet by a gent from Interpol. Two FBI men showed up at Idlewild to greet him, and after health authorities officially wel-



JOHN STEINBECK
One with words.

comed him with an on-the-spot smallpox shot, he was taken off to face 79 federal counts of financial transgression.

The rocket engine in the tail boomed the experimental NF-104A jet Starfighter up to 90,000 ft. and the edge of space. Then disaster. The craft went into a flat spin and plummeted out of control. In the cockpit, Air Force Colonel **Charles (Chuck) Yeager**, 40, first man to fly faster than sound and currently C.O. of the Edwards test-pilot school, stayed with the violently whirling plane, trying to bring it out of the spin. Only at 6,000 ft. did he give up and eject, parachuting minutes later onto the Mojave Desert with burns on the left side of his face and neck, probably caused by ignition of the oxygen in his mask. The scheduled later assault on the Russian-held world altitude record from ground take-off (113,890 ft.) was scrubbed—and a colleague added an understated postscript to the incident: "The colonel stayed with the plane a little longer than personal safety would have dictated."

"I just read a news item that said you had obtained a non-commissioned jet airplane for Crossville High School because their football team is called the Jets," began a letter from Ray Dalton, 15, a young Tennessee constituent of Democratic Senator **Albert Gore**, 55. "Well, Norris High School's basketball team is called the Senators, and I was wondering if you knew where we could find an old Senator just lying around not doing anyone any good. We would like to place him in front of our school. Since Norris is primarily a TVA town, you better send a Democrat. But on second thought, since he will be out where the birds can get at him, you better send a Republican." Coughed Gore: "A refreshing sense of humor—or so I hope."

Many notables from many countries have said much, most of it hackneyed, on first seeing the Berlin Wall. Author **John Steinbeck**, 61, ending a two-month tour behind the Iron Curtain, chose his words carefully: "One of the laws of paleontology is that an animal which must protect itself with thick armor is degenerate. It is usually a sign that the species is on the road to extinction."

The living is easy these days for Argentina's ex-Dictator **Juan Perón**, 68. A few political cronies slip into Madrid for a little political plotting, but mostly he just walks his poodle and sits around with his third wife, Isabel. The Argentines seemed content to have him where he is, and Spain's Strongman Francisco Franco has no objection to him. So it surprised everybody when Argentina

filed for his extradition on technical charges of "rape or ravishment" for seducing a minor under 16. The girl in question is one he left behind: Nelly Rivas, now 24, married and the mother of two. The case has been kicking around since Perón was deposed in 1955, but now a zealous Buenos Aires judge has suddenly pushed it through. Perón seemed undisturbed. "Such stupidities," he said.

This Haarlem is in The Netherlands, and from there came **Catharina Lodders**, 21, last year's Miss World, who will become the bride next year of Hip Swinger **Chubby Checker**, 22. The future Mrs. Ernest Evans (Chubby's real name; the stage handle was chosen in

FREDERICK A. MEYER



CATHARINA & CHUBBY
One in the World.

frank imitation of Fats Domino) met her husband-to-be while he was doing a show in the Philippines last January. "He's different," she says. "He's the quiet type, and I like the way he hums around." Now that was a twist, and it brought a response in kind from Chubby's mom. The lovely Miss Lodders, said she, "is very warm, very nice. Chubby dated quite a few girls, but this is the first time he got serious."

Only six days after he was released from Dallas' Parkland Hospital, Texas Governor **John Connally**, 46, was back in, this time at Austin's St. David's Community Hospital, with an inflammation of the vein in his right leg through which he had been fed intravenously while recovering from wounds suffered during the President's assassination. Nevertheless, said he, doctors had given him the "real good news" that he would probably regain full use of his right wrist, shattered by the assassin's bullet.



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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Impetuosity of the Week

Lead editorial in last week's *National Review*:

"The editors of *National Review* regretfully announce that their patience with President Lyndon B. Johnson is exhausted."

Optimism at Curtis

The 300 stockholders who assembled quietly in a building on Philadelphia's historic Independence Square had no hesitancy in giving the Curtis Publishing Co. exactly what it wanted. By an overwhelming margin, they approved a

Until 1961, Curtis, which publishes the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *American Home*, and a children's magazine named *Jack and Jill*, had rarely had a bad year. Then the tide turned with sickening swiftness, and it began to look as if Curtis might never again have a good season. The company lost \$4,200,000 in 1961, a staggering \$18.9 million in 1962. Advertising accounts evaporated along with profits, and the word spread that Curtis was mortally ill.

Despite Curtis' calamitous balance sheet, Banker Semenenko apparently disagreed with such prophecies. The company was making a sturdy effort to

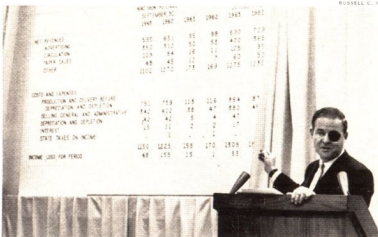
jury awarded \$3,060,000 in damages to Georgia University Athletic Director Wally Butts, whom a *Post* article had accused of conspiring to fix a football game. The judgment has been appealed and may well be reduced—but four other suits, asking a total of \$24.5 million, still await trial. It may be necessary, said Culligan, to establish a special reserve fund to accommodate such legal actions.

But no shadows could dampen the new mood of optimism about Curtis' future. At a press conference after the stockholders' meeting, Banker Semenenko hinted at Curtis plans to expand into book publishing, television broadcasting, and perhaps in other directions. "It will be advantageous," he said, "for Curtis to acquire such companies." Nor

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON



SEMENENKO



CULLIGAN AT STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

The doctor was convinced the patient would live.

management proposal for refinancing payment of some \$30.5 million in mostly overdue debts.

Behind the proposal stood six banks—two of them already Curtis creditors—willing to underwrite this obligation and to give the company another five to seven years to pay it off. The banks were also ready to advance an additional \$4,500,000 in fresh working capital. From a quarter never known for faith in bad financial risks, this seemed a healthy vote of confidence—and the stockholders clearly felt the same way.

In *Sore Need*, Curtis' principal financial savior is a short, Russian-born, multilingual financier named Serge Semenenko, 60, Vice chairman of Boston's old and eminently respectable First National Bank. Semenenko has long enjoyed a reputation in banking circles for rescuing failing corporations with timely infusions of credit. Among his patients: the Hearst publishing empire, which he helped cure, in the early 1940s, of a disastrous indebtedness of nearly \$150 million. In the fall of 1962, when Curtis' new president, Matthew J. Culligan, approached Semenenko, the venerable magazine-publishing house stood in sore need of Semenenko's kind of resuscitation.

recover on its own; new management and editorial teams had swept in to change the face and direction of all five magazines. Culligan, a former advertising man, not only hustled new accounts but ordered stern cuts in Curtis' overhead. He chopped 2,300 names off the payroll, at an annual saving of \$10.3 million. Curtis' papermaking subsidiary, New York and Pennsylvania Co., which had been charging the company \$214 a ton, found ways to cut the price to \$178 a ton. In all, Culligan said, annual expenses were cut by \$16,000,000.

Impressed by such economies, Semenenko was convinced that Curtis was on the road back to health. Although it will lose an estimated \$3,400,000 for the full year, in October the company recorded a profit of \$1,500,000. Because of this, Curtis will probably record a last-quarter profit as well—about \$1,100,000. "I have seldom seen a company which could so quickly put its house in order," said Semenenko, and he carried the favorable message to five other banks.

Equal Advantage. The credit that Semenenko raised has given Curtis much-needed time to recover. Among its unresolved problems is a spate of five libel suits. Last summer a Georgia

did he rule out the possibility that other companies might find it equally advantageous to buy into Curtis. "Many companies will want to merge with Curtis," said Semenenko. "Many have already made overtures."

PUBLISHING

In Memoriam

The black, somber headlines, stretching like funeral ribbons across all the front pages, had faded at last. The assassination and burial of a President, the murder of his accused killer, the accession of a new President, had all received unparalleled press coverage. And the long gallery of words and pictures would form for historians the first raw documentation of tragedy. But there was more to be said, and by last week the world's press had turned to the task of reprising that dark November.

Abbreviated Togas. In most cases, the recounting took the form of memorial issues, produced by newspapers and magazines from their own coverage of Kennedy's death and the events that followed. LIFE put on sale, at 50¢ a copy, a special 84-page issue combining text and pictures from its two previous



editions, which had been sellouts. If the *John F. Kennedy Memorial Edition* produced a profit, announced LIFE, the money would be donated to charities of the Kennedy family's choosing. An initial press run of 1,200,000 copies sold out quickly and was followed by another press run of 1,200,000.

Other magazine memorial reprints varied widely in content. The *Saturday Evening Post*, trapped by irreversible press schedules, had to let two issues go by before it could produce, last week, its first account of the assassination. In 29 pages of special coverage, the *Post* gathered a host of significant bylines, among them Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. (who wrote a eulogy), Atlanta Publisher Ralph McGill ("Hate Knows No Direction"), and former President Eisenhower ("When the Highest Office Changes Hands").

Look shook the dust from its collection of old photographs, ran off 1,000,000 copies of an edition titled *Kennedy and His Family in Pictures*, which sold for a dollar. In France, the weekly picture magazine *Paris Match* devoted itself to the widow. "Hommage à Jackie Kennedy," read the cover message; the previous issue had had a cover picture of Jackie at the funeral. Inside, the magazine recapitulated her life in pictures. In reminding French readers about Texas, it also included a full-color shot of Dallas waitresses in abbreviated togas serving drinks by a pool ("On the terrace of the cabana, Roman slave girls serve millionaire cowboys").

A number of daily newspapers put out special Kennedy supplements, the most ambitious of which was a four-color addition to the Sunday Philadelphia Inquirer. The New York Daily News reproduced a color portrait of the late President taken in 1960 by News Photographers Daniel Jacino and Arthur Sasse. But most papers were waiting for special book productions of the two wire services. Before year's end, announced the Associated Press, it would be out with a hard-cover, 100-page book, *The Torch Is Passed*, with pictures by A.P. and text by a quartet of A.P. newsmen. Price: \$2. United Press International joined hands with American Heritage and Simon & Schuster in the production of another book, *Four Days*, which will be published in January. Advance orders have reached 650,000.

At the time of Kennedy's death, at

least two presidential biographies were already in bookstores. One, Victor Laszky's bestselling but hostile appraisal, *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, was immediately withdrawn from sale. "As far as I'm concerned," said its author, "Kennedy is no longer subject to criticism on my part." But when demand persisted, the publishers decided to fill certain special orders. A friendlier volume, TIME Correspondent Hugh Sidey's *John F. Kennedy, President: A Reporter's Inside Story*, will be reissued in January with a new chapter on the last year of the President's life.

More to Come. To these entries, book houses will soon add several new ones. Reporter and Author Jim (*The Day Lincoln Was Shot*) Bishop had nearly completed a work on Kennedy when the assassination occurred. Under the title *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Random House will issue the book next spring. The "day" of the title, however, will remain a typical presidential working day in Washington during Kennedy's lifetime, not the day on which he died. Farrar, Straus will publish a picture album of Kennedy and his family taken by Photographer Mark Shaw, who was a close friend of the late President's. For the months to come, there is the promise of many more additions to the Kennedy bibliography—as well as to that of the tall Texan whom tragedy nominated as John F. Kennedy's successor.

BROADCASTING

The Sight & the Sound

In its coverage of the train of events that began in Dallas, the television industry fulfilled what was widely regarded as its finest and most responsible role. Not until the Tuesday after the assassination did the three major TV networks return to normal programming, having devoted some 200 uninterrupted hours to the running story. Even by the most conservative estimate, the cost was impressive—and irretrievable: \$4,000,000 each for CBS and NBC, about \$2,500,000 for ABC.

Nor were the sight and sound of the slain President likely to vanish in the months or the years to come. The assassination's aftermath continued to dominate network news coverage. Even now, three weeks after the event, NBC was giving an hour a day—about one-third of its daily news programing

time—to reporting the effect of Kennedy's death on the nation and the world.

At ABC, the network was finishing a 90-minute adaptation of Theodore White's book, *The Making of a President 1960*, which was based on Kennedy's victorious election campaign. This program, conceived 15 months ago, will be put on the air Dec. 29. From its files, CBS assembled an hour-long program in which the late President and former Presidents Eisenhower and Truman separately discussed the highest office in the land. This week on CBS, four members of Kennedy's Cabinet—Secretary of State Rusk, Secretary of Defense MacNamara, Secretary of the Treasury Dillon and Secretary of Labor Wirtz—will measure Kennedy's legacy to his country in terms of the past and the future.

The nation's record industry was readying a wide variety of Kennedy tributes. Decca is offering the full sound track of a special memorial TV show produced in Britain, and half a dozen other record companies are coming out with their versions of a song taken from that program. Anthologies of Kennedy speeches are already on sale in record form.

NEWSPAPERS

"Necessary Measures" in Saigon

Some 100 South Vietnamese newsmen and 20 foreign correspondents assembled in Saigon last week on command of Premier Nguyen Ngoc Tho. For three hours Tho castigated the performance of the very newspapers to which his government had pledged full freedom. He fumed at what he called their unconquerable tendency to print lies and "sensationalism." His criticism even extended to the character of some of the editors. One, he suggested, was an opium addict; another was playing footsie with the Communists. If the country's press did not mend its ways, concluded Tho, "the government would have to take the necessary measures."

Those measures began the very next day. Charging that three of Saigon's 44 new dailies (TIME, Dec. 13) had "cynically slandered the army and thus damaged the morale of the soldiers," the Ministry of Information closed all three "until further notice." The charge did not describe the newspapers' true offense—which was to criticize South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Ngoc Tho.



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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

The Drive for Doctorates

Until recently, the doctor's degree struck most Americans as pedantic claptrap. The Ph.D. was only academe's union card: a German import, first earned by three Yalermen in 1861. Few envisioned a day when it might become vital to the entire U.S. economy. That day is here. By 1960, Columbia Sociologist Bernard Berelson reported that Du Pont employed more Ph.D.s than Yale or Harvard, General Electric twice as many as Princeton, the Federal Gov-

ing that everything depends on expanded faculties and facilities across the country. What are the chances? On form, not bad.

As a long-range pattern, says the academy, production of research doctorates has been doubling every decade, and geographical distribution has vastly widened. In 1920, the national doctoral output was confined to 26 mostly Northern and Eastern states, with 66% of it in only ten universities. Now doctorates are bred in every state except Idaho and Nevada. The current top ten doctorate producers are Columbia, Illinois, Wis-



NEW PH.D.s AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT
"One sheepskin to one sheep is no longer enough."

ernment as many as the nation's top ten universities. And this is only the beginning. For every Ph.D. that it fails to educate the U.S. may soon pay a price of 100 or more unemployed people.

The link between doctorates and dollars is clear in the new science-oriented industries, aerospace, electronics and nucleonics, which more and more cities count on to create thousands of new jobs a year. Such industries thrive on brains and feed off universities. They need Ph.D.s in the executive suite as well as the laboratory, and the rough hiring equation is that one Ph.D. can back up five to ten engineers, while the engineers support 50 to 150 skilled workers.

100 per 1,000,000. Physicist Lloyd V. Berkner, "Father of the International Geophysical Year" and president of the new Graduate Research Center of the Southwest in Dallas, calculates that the U.S. needs 100 new doctorates a year per 1,000,000 people. This works out to 18,800 doctorates in 1963, compared with the 12,400 produced last year. Last week the National Academy of Sciences reported that by 1969 the annual output may double to 24,000—but only "if present trends continue," mean-

consin, Harvard, Berkeley, N.Y.U., Michigan, Ohio State, Cornell and Minnesota.

Breeding Ph.D.s. Physicist Berkner estimates that 75,000 high school students a year are able to the median winners of last year's doctorates. Will the bright kids go for Ph.D.s? Yes—if they attend top colleges that now send as many as 90% of their seniors to graduate school. Yes—if they live near a Berkeley or a Cambridge that inspires graduate study. Yes—if the U.S. can increase the number of "substantial" graduate schools (those that produce 250 or more doctorates a year). The U.S. still has only 20 such universities, confined to twelve states, and they turn out two-thirds of all Ph.D.s. To serve the entire country, says Berkner, the U.S. needs 75 "substantial" graduate schools right now.

No one can mass-produce good Ph.D.s. The only way to build what Stanford University Provost Frederick E. Terman calls "communities of technical scholars" is to pay big money for a few big stars. Then they can lure the lesser stars and brighter students that ultimately bring in whole industries. That idea is now getting urgent at-

tention across the country. New research centers are being studied or built in Boston, Chicago and Detroit, in California, Florida, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Virginia and Wisconsin. Physicist Berkner's center in Dallas is off to a \$25 million start as a "mecca for men of science and technology." By 1975, it aims to have 1,000 researchers working with Southwestern universities to breed 2,000 Ph.D.s year⁷.

Finger of Fate. All this worries many thoughtful academicians. Biologist Caryl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington warned last week that Big Science crash projects threaten to create "massive imbalances" in U.S. research. The Ph.D. drive also alarms liberal arts colleges that cannot compete with big universities for research-minded students and professors. What is happening, asks Columbia University's Provost Jacques Barzun, "to the beautiful notion of developing the imaginative and the reasoning powers apart from marketable skill?" In a day when "one sheepskin to one sheep is no longer enough," he says, "the liberal arts tradition is dead or dying"—a victim of the pressure for college work in high school and for graduate work in college. "Sooner or later the college as we know it will find that it has no proper place in the scheme of things," says Barzun.

Yet equally important in the 1960s, perhaps, is the old prophecy of the late Philosopher Alfred North Whitehead: "In the conditions of modern life the rule is absolute: the race which does not value trained intelligence is doomed. Not all your heroism, not all your social charm, not all your wit, not all your victories on land or at sea, can move back the finger of fate. Today we maintain ourselves. Tomorrow science will have moved forward yet one more step, and there will be no appeal from the judgment which will then be pronounced on the uneducated."

SCHOLARSHIPS

The Will to Succeed

The modern Horatio Alger is a penniless Negro who rises from the rags of a segregated Southern high school to the riches of Harvard. As in the classic story, he has a patron. It is the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students, a counseling agency that finds poor Negroes with rich minds and then finds colleges and scholarships for them. In 15 years of scouring South and North, NSSFS (which is commonly reduced to "Ness-feness" in speech) has successfully planted 9,000 Negroes in 350 mostly-white colleges, and last week it revealed its chief asset: the Negroes' own passionate desire to succeed.

To measure its methods, NSSFS President Richard L. Plaut launched a survey of 1,278 recent protégés. The overall dropout rate turned out to be 33.4%—as against the national rate of



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60%.* Of 509 willing to provide complete information, 1% made Phi Beta Kappa and 10% graduated with honors. Southerners topped the Northerners at high-standard campuses.

Behind the statistics are people such as Jo Ellen Flagg, 26, daughter of a domestic in Charleston, W. Va., who went to West Virginia Wesleyan ('58) on a family income of \$1,090. She majored in library science, got a B average, earned a master's at Western Reserve, and is the science librarian of Oberlin College. Ragan A. Henry, 29, son of a Kentucky carpenter's helper, came from a family with an income of \$3,000. He won \$4,600 in scholarships at Harvard, graduated *magna cum laude* ('56), went on to Harvard Law ('61), is a Philadelphia lawyer.

Harold C. Haizlip, 28, son of a porter in Washington, D.C., went to work at the age of twelve to supplement a family income of \$2,800. Amherst gave him a scholarship and he graduated *cum laude* ('57) with an honors thesis written in ancient Greek on "The Greek Concept of Eros." He got a Woodrow Wilson fellowship, earned his master's degree in teaching at Harvard in 1959. Married to a Wellesley girl, he is now working for a Ford Foundation project to help modernize Boston schools.

The survey was run by Psychologists Kenneth B. Clark (whose studies of segregation bolstered the 1954 Supreme Court school decision) and Lawrence Plotkin, who both teach at City College of New York. Their chief conclusion is that colleges ought to weigh entrance-exam scores less for Negroes because the tests "do not predict the college success of Negro students in the same way they do for whites."

In short, "motivational factors" are more important. "These students must complete college; to drop out means that they will fall back into the ranks of the nonspecialized labor force where their race ensures the permanence of low status. Thus the Negro students, aspiring to integration, overwhelmingly succeed in graduating despite the fact that they are less well prepared academically and financially."

INTEGRATION

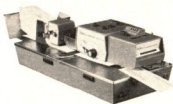
Southern Progress

Southern school desegregation is inching ahead in 17 states and the District of Columbia. Of the region's 3,403,925 Negro pupils, reported the Southern School News last week, 314,571—or 9.2%—now attend schools with whites, compared with 6.9% in May 1961. In eleven ex-Confederate states, the rate is still only 1.06%, but in six border states and the District of Columbia it has reached 56.5%.

* Main reasons: money, military service and (especially among girls) marriage. Harvard's dropout rate is 25%, Wisconsin's 46%, Indiana's 56%. Many eventually return or graduate elsewhere, but this still leaves the national net dropout rate at 40%.



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COMPOSERS

In the Call of the Cuckoo

Benjamin Britten began the celebration of his 50th birthday by conducting the London Symphony last September in a concert dedicated to himself. He took the podium again last week to honor his birthday with a performance of his *War Requiem* at London's Royal Festival Hall. Having given English critics the entire autumn to contemplate the significance of a birthday that in fact occurred in late November, Britten found himself still best described by two praiseful paradoxes. Though he has gained immensely in intellectual force over the years, he has lost none of his youthful high spirits and originality. And though his music is unmistakably the work of a foursquare Englishman, it is rich with the ardor of a dedicated citizen of the world.

Clear & Clean. It was only last year that Britten produced the *War Requiem*, which is the capstone of his remarkable career. And since its first performance for the rededication of the Coventry Cathedral, the *Requiem* has grown in esteem at every hearing, until it is now acclaimed both in Britain and abroad as a modern masterwork. It describes the wide range of Britten's vision and his mastery of the clean, clear voice in which he speaks better than any of his other compositions. With it Britten has emerged as England's greatest composer since Henry Purcell (1659-95) and, among this generation's composers, the only active peer of Dmitry Shostakovich.

Since his opera *Peter Grimes* brought him to world prominence (TIME cover, Feb. 16, 1948), Britten has turned out a varied and impressive body of work, including nine other operas, a ballet, and everything from songs to symphonies, Masses to metamorphoses. Beyond composition, his talents sparkle with equal virtuosity. He is a gifted conductor, and when he accompanied Celloist Mstislav Rostropovich on the piano in the premiere of a Britten cello sonata, one critic called him "the complete musician, a perpetual challenge to the age of specialization."

Often chided for a lack of innovation in his music, Britten has wisely scorned the sterile world of experimentation for its own sake. With the maturation of his talents has come a taste for "the slender sound of, say, Mozart or Verdi or Mahler." An early enthusiasm for Beethoven is gone: "It's really quite sloppy, you know," Brahms he cannot abide. "I play through all his music every so often to see if I am right," Britten worried recently. "I usually find that I underestimated last time how bad he was."

Dust & Cobwebs. "Britten has never claimed to be an innovator," argues Tenor Peter Pears, his longtime friend

and the voice for whom most of his work is composed. "There blows through his vocal music, at least, a strong, revitalizing southeast wind which has rid English song of much accumulated dust and cobwebs. If Britten is no innovator, he is most certainly a renovator."

The cleansing wind of his music is generated in "The Red House," a seaside cottage near Aldeburgh, Suffolk, where Britten and Pears have lived since 1947. Thin and fit at 50, Britten works prodigiously when he is at home. Rising at 5:30 a.m., he plows straight through to lunchtime, never looking up from his work and snapping waspishly at any interruption. Afternoons are



BENJAMIN BRITTEN

With talents sparkling in all directions.

spent in long, silent hikes on the bleak Suffolk moors or beside the booming North Sea, followed by a teatime plunge in the swimming pool—a chilly ritual he sticks to even in January.

Within his tightly circumscribed world, Britten is a keen observer and an even keener listener whose inspiration is constantly refreshed by glimmers and whispers of life around him. He locates elements of art in the prosaic occurrences of everyday life, and from them, he fashions his music. "Sometimes we have wondered whether he is an international or a parochial composer," the London Times confessed in a birthday tribute. "He has given evidence for both decisions, and although 50 is an age not in itself definitive for a creative artist's work, we can already see that he has an imagination which encompasses the whole panchromatic apparatus in a C major triad, the phenomenon of human resurgence in the call of a cuckoo."

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RECORDS

The Year's Best

Among the surfeit of phonograph records that were put on the market last year, a few merit special attention. An even smaller number seem especially appropriate as Christmas gifts of music. A selective list of the year's best:

Beethoven: The Complete Piano Sonatas (Angel). Artur Schnabel's death in 1951 did not slow the growth of his reputation as a pianist. In his time, he was considered the world's only true interpreter of Beethoven, and a matchless player of Mozart, Schubert and Brahms as well. But in the age of pianistic wizardry that has followed him, he seems even more—a musician among pianists, an artist among musicians. Of his many great recordings, the chef-d'oeuvre is his collection of all 32 Beethoven sonatas, here handsomely presented in a handsomely annotated edition of 13 LPs for the handsome price of \$77.98. The original recordings were made between January 1932 and November 1935, and though there are occasional lapses in pitch and sound level, Schnabel's performances are a superbly lucid treatise on grace and good humor, on dedication and scholarship.

Bach: The Six Partitas (Columbia). Glenn Gould has more love of the living than respect for the dead, and if his wry understanding of Bach is occasionally impish, it is also inspired. Here his genius conspires with his artistry, matching a deep rapport with the spirit of the sublime master's music with a lofty regard for the voice of the piano.

Strauss: Ein Heldenleben (RCA Victor). Were it not for the likes of Strauss, there would be no proper use for an orchestra as mighty and glorious as the Boston Symphony Orchestra can become when Conductor Erich Leinsdorf is in a heroic mood. Here, in a beautifully recorded performance, Leinsdorf, Strauss and the B.S.O. are all at their impressive best.

Benjamin Britten: War Requiem (London). Britten conducts the Bach and Highgate school choirs and the London Symphony Orchestra (Vishnevskaya, Pears and Fischer-Dieskau, soloists) in a reverent performance.

Puccini: Tosca (RCA Victor). With Leontyne Price, Giuseppe di Stefano and Giuseppe Taddei, Conductor Herbert von Karajan has the finest *Tosca* cast that can be assembled today. Price surpasses Callas as the reigning *Tosca*, and Di Stefano and Taddei match their best past performances as Cavaradossi and Scarpia.

Wagner: Siegfried (London). Georg Solti conducts the Vienna Philharmonic and a near-perfect cast (Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen and Joan Sutherland) in the first complete and uncut version of Wagner's magical vision of Teutonic lore.

Monk's Dream and **Criss-Cross** (Columbia) present Jazz Pianist Thelonious Monk and his quartet in the finest of



PIANIST SCHNABEL

A musician among pianists.

fettle, reconsidering works from his collection of private standards. (*Crepuscule* with Nellie, *Rhythm-a-ning*, *Monk's Dream*) in performances that prove the immense vitality of his Monkish imagination.

Americans in Europe Vols. I and II (Impulse), is a superbly recorded account of the goings on in Koblenz, Germany, last January when 25 American jazz expatriates got together for some home cooking.

Bill Evans: Conversations with Myself (Verve) presents the most articulate and beautiful brooder in jazz, playing his inner-ear music without eavesdropping sidemen. By means of three piano sound tracks spliced together, Evans converses only with himself, and in the unique trio for jazz pianos that results, his icy musical intelligence gets a Proustian exposition.

The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady (Impulse) is the work of anguished and angry Bassist Charlie Mingus. The music attains peaks of beauty and intrigue seldom found in jazz, and if fretful Charlie's conceptions are sometimes too obscure, the album comes complete with helpful liner notes written by his analyst.

A Kurt Weill Cabaret (M-G-M) faithfully captures the spirit of their year's best tribute to Weill and his collaborators. Folk Singer Will Holt is passable, but Soprano Martha Schlamme is passionately aware of each song's message, and her singing is a dulcet expression of irony, grief and joy.

The Second Barbra Streisand Album (Columbia) is just as good as the first, which is saying plenty. Occasional wanderings over to Lena Horne's turf may be quickly forgiven in eleven unusual interpretations by the most intelligent young singer around.

Bach's Greatest Hits (Philips) is a mirthful and really quite pretty collection of fugues and preludes sung in scat ("dooby-do, papa-dah") by Ward Swingle and his anything-goes chorus.

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MEDICINE

DENTISTRY

A Better Bite for Father

The kid with a mouthful of hardware to align his teeth and make his jaws close neatly together has become a familiar sight during the past 30 years. Now so many adults are going in for tooth straightening that the American Association of Orthodontists estimated last week that about one-fifth of its members' patients are grownups.

Many adult candidates for orthodontics are young married women who decide that the work will greatly improve their looks. Others are people aged 40 to 60 who should have had it done as children, when it was not available or their parents could not afford it. In the vast majority, the damage caused by a bad bite increases over the years, and adults must have the job done lest they lose all their teeth prematurely or suffer serious disease of the jawbones.

"Whenever possible," says Orthodontist Dwight A. Jackson of Winston-Salem, N.C., "we pick inconspicuous appliances for the adult. But we can't let the factor of appearance handicap the work. Fortunately, there are some procedures that need only inconspicuous appliances, and some mouths that respond to appliances worn only at night."

Children usually find orthodontics^{*} easier than do adults, as their growing bones are more malleable. What many adults suffer from is the tendency of teeth to shift after a few have been removed because of decay. The shift changes the bite, and this in turn may lead to erosion of bone as far back as the hinge of the jaw. Just as damaging in the long run, is the weakening of the gums that results from a bad bite. Far more adult teeth are lost to gum and bone disease than to decay, dentists say.

^{*} Formerly often called orthodontia—until orthodontists decided to straighten the name of their own specialty to match obstetrics, pediatrics, geriatrics, etc.



ADULT PATIENT BEFORE ORTHODONTICS



AND AFTER

Danger in the shift.

PSYCHIATRY

Head-to-Toe Hypnosis

The words sounded for all the world like the stage directions for an old-fashioned vaudeville demonstration of hypnosis: "You are going to relax, and the feeling of relaxation will start in your scalp. When you feel this, one of your fingers will feel like lifting. That will be your 'Yes' finger. Then your eyes will feel relaxed, your mouth and lips will feel soft, and your 'Yes' finger will lift." The speaker works downward in a sort of hypnosis, through jaw, neck and shoulders, arms, chest, and abdomen, thighs, legs and feet. "When you feel relaxation in your toes, your 'No' finger will feel like lifting. Whichever finger it is, let it lift."

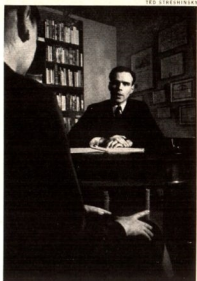
Whatever it sounds like, this is not a stage show. The hypnotist uses no eye fixation in the manner of the traditional mesmerist, and the performance is in the office of a reputable San Francisco psychiatrist, who is convinced that it speeds treatment even for seriously disturbed patients.

Lowering the Barriers. Once he has his patient hypnotized, Psychiatrist Richard A. Kunin, 31, works with the system of "ideomotor responses" (finger signals to indicate answers and reactions) developed by Obstetrician David B. Cheek, a fellow San Franciscan. Dr. Cheek finds that a mere nod or shake of the head during hypnosis is a relatively conscious effort that can cloud what the subject is recalling: finger signals, sometimes so slight that the psychiatrist can perceive them only as the tensing of a tendon on the back of the hand, work at a deep, subconscious level, and do not interfere with communication.

Dr. Kunin's first session is devoted to getting the patient relaxed, and suggesting to him while he is still hypnotized that he will be able to relax in the same manner any time he chooses. At the next session, Dr. Kunin says: "Turn your thoughts to a pleasant scene—a mountain, a beach or a woodland—and picture it to yourself. See yourself there. When this is in your mind, let your 'Yes' finger lift."

The important thing is for the patient to visualize the scene. Dr. Kunin feels that too many people do not "see with the mind's eye," but think about things in near-abstract terms, which are not good enough for psychotherapy. When the patient has pictured the pleasant scene of his choice, Dr. Kunin asks him to recall a previous occasion when he was in a similar situation, and to describe it, along with his feelings about it. If the therapist interrupts with questions, the finger lifts are sufficient answers, and they do not break the chain of the patient's associations.

Later, the patient is asked to picture a future situation that he dreads, and



PSYCHIATRIST KUNIN & PATIENT
Answers in the fingers.

to rehearse what he will do to draw its sting. "If we ask an alcoholic to project himself into a picture where he is in a drinking situation," says Dr. Kunin, "he can link his 'No' response with all his visual images of self-deterioration." The simple finger-lifting device then becomes a means by which the patient can call up such images himself in time of need. The maneuver, says Dr. Kunin, can give him aid and support, so that he can refuse the drinks that an over-solicitous host is pressing him to accept, while further talk-it-out therapy helps him to resolve his underlying emotional problems.

Respectable Decade. Dr. Kunin believes that all psychotherapy makes use of the power of suggestion, but that hypnosis makes the most direct and efficient use of it. It helps the patient to concentrate, and with the added advantage of ideomotor signals it markedly improves communications between therapist and patient.

Although hypnosis has become medically respectable in the past decade, after having been all but ignored for 50 years, there are still only a few hundred psychiatrists using it in the U.S.^{*} It is impossible to get precise figures to show just how much it actually speeds up therapy. But optimistic hypnotists believe that even in difficult cases they can get a cure or a marked improvement in nine out of ten patients with once-a-week treatment, and that usually they can get it in less than a year. And the patient who cannot be hypnotized, they say, is the exception.

^{*} More psychiatrists, as well as other physicians and dentists, may be moved to try it, now that *Hypnosis in Modern Medicine* (Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill.; \$12.75) has been issued in an updated, completely revised edition, with a 13-man, four-nation team of contributors, and New York City's Dr. Jerome M. Schneck as editor.

Tomorrow...an electronic network may link hospitals across the U.S.



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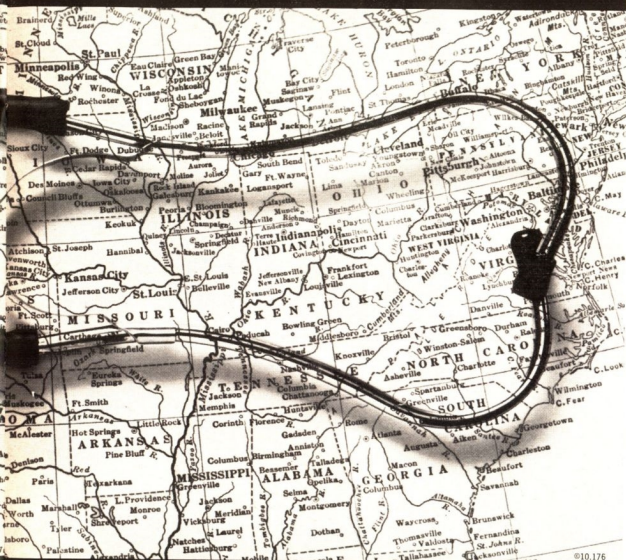
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THE LAW

LAWYERS

Belli for the Defense: A Flamboyant Advocate

The visitor flew in with a flourish. His pink face and silver hair gleamed above polished cowboy boots and a grand, fur-collared overcoat. San Francisco Lawyer Melvin Mournon Belli had come to Dallas to defend Jack Ruby, the only man ever to commit a murder while the whole nation watched. Now, whether or not Judge Joe Brantley Brown decides to let live TV turn the trial into a flamboyant show, a flamboyant courtroom drama is already a certainty. "We will plead him not guilty by reason of insanity," announced Belli after a two-hour interview with his newest client. "We will have some of the greatest names in psychiatry in the U.S. as witnesses. My eyes were moist when he recounted what he went through."

Whatever the performance he extracts from his psychiatric consultants, moist-eyed Mel Belli is sure to provide other actors in other parts. But if his past courtroom productions are a guide, Belli himself will play the leading role. He has appeared for the defense in more than 100 murder trials, has earned the title of "King of Torts" by his masterful presentation of medical evidence that has won his clients awards as high as \$675,000 in personal injury cases. His chief strategy has been "demonstrative evidence"—graphic, often grisly visual aids—human skeletons, elaborate anatomical models, huge photographic

blow-ups, and the blackboard he regularly brings into court.

Re-creating the Impact. Belli adds to such devices a superb sense of dramatic timing. In one of his most famous cases, he represented an attractive young woman who had lost her right leg. As the trial opened, Belli brought to the counsel table a large, L-shaped package, ominously wrapped in butcher's paper. For days, he shifted the bundle absent-mindedly as he addressed the jury, but made no reference to it. Finally, he unwrapped the package slowly as the jury watched in horrified fascination. If the artificial leg he revealed was an anticlimax, Belli immediately rebuilt the tension: he dropped the limb into the lap of a shocked juror and proceeded to spell out exactly how it would feel to wear the contraption for a lifetime. The award to his client: \$100,000.

Nor is Belli any slouch at dramatizing psychological injuries. In one case that has become a legal classic, Belli represented a California fireman who became psychotic after he was injured when a truck rammed the fire engine he was riding. To re-create the exact details for the jury, Belli used an enormous aerial photo of the intersection where the collision occurred. He questioned a parade of 29 witnesses, spotting each person's location precisely on the photo, to prove that the fire siren must have been audible in the cab of the truck. Then he diagramed the positions of other witnesses, who testified to the truck's excessive speed. In the end, only the most unimaginative juror had not relived several times over the traumatic crunch that Belli contended sent his client into a mental institution. The award: \$225,000.

Home in his rocco San Francisco office last week after his trip to Dallas, Belli had no time to relish the mementos

of past triumphs—the stethoscope and the X-ray-viewing machine with the picture of a client's broken joint. There was little time for the ornate bar under the glint of the old-fashioned gas lamps, or the warmth of the great fireplace. Telephones jangled constantly. "Nine to three, hung jury," Belli reported proudly to one caller anxious to hear the results of a case that had been tried in Los Angeles. "That ought to make it legal for a man to shoot his wife's lover down there." To another caller he laughed: "Hell, I'll put that black hat and that black overcoat on going through town, and I'll have 'em giving me money thinking I'm a country minister."

There was also Jack Ruby to think about. "The evidence of guilt is not great, even though you saw the shooting," said Belli blandly. "Forty million people saw Ruby commit this act," he continued, "but as far as I know I am the only one who's had a chance to look into this man's head. What we're trying is whether Ruby was in his right mind when he committed the act. That's what no one saw. We will use every piece of equipment psychiatry provides, all that is available under Texas law."

Appeal to Public Opinion. Belli will have some Texas help. Ruby's original lawyer, Tom Howard of Dallas, is staying on; he will be joined by Joe H. Tona-hill of Jasper, Texas, along with Sam S. Brody of Los Angeles, both brought in by Belli. But Prosecuting Attorney Henry Wade is warming up a Texas-style reception: "This international lawyer, Melvin Belli of San Francisco, who has recently traveled extensively in Russia and written a book entitled *The Russian Life and Law** is an interesting, if not intriguing person," said Wade.

He is also an eloquent advocate, an imaginative adversary. Recently he even won \$1,597 from the San Francisco Giants when he found that Candlestick Park did not provide him "radiant heat" as advertised. Last week he was marshaling all his skills to defend Jack Ruby on radio, on TV, in newspapers. "Ruby lived this assassination as vividly as any American, and probably more so than most," said Belli. "I heard absolutely no word in all of Texas against Ruby's character. Ruby is an intense, tragic, emotional man. Talking to him, the hair rose on the hackles of my neck. I felt horror, revulsion, sadness. I saw myself and millions of fellow Americans."

SUPREME COURT

Coming In Out of the Rain

Supreme Court Watchers, devoted to a spectator sport even more decorous than cricket or chess-by-mail, broke out in a buzz of raised eyebrows last week. In a rare combination, liberal Justice William O. Douglas joined conservative John Marshall Harlan in a dissent against the rest of the Court. Their

* Correct title: *Belli Looks at Life and Law in Russia*.



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The holidays are the time when a martini *really* gets around. And there is no surer way to flatter your friends than by giving them Seagram's—the gin that makes a martini second to none.

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN

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seven colleagues had reversed the Utah Supreme Court to reinstate a jury's award of \$10,000 to injured Railroad Worker Claude Dennis. For Justice Douglas, it was the first time in many years that he had sided against such a jury award to an injured worker.

Dennis won his claim because he had lost two fingers to frostbite while repairing track in sub-freezing weather. Outdoorsman Douglas huffed that he saw no evidence of employer negligence "in a society where everyone is presumed to have enough sense to come in out of the rain." But Justice Harlan went further, to bring up a question which has divided the Court sharply: should the Supreme Court be taking such cases at all?

Most workmen's compensation claims are settled administratively, and limited by fairly standard formulas. But under federal law, injured railroad workers and merchant seamen have the more elastic remedy of jury trials, and each year several such lawsuits find their way to the Supreme Court. The results are often bizarre. In 1957 the nation's highest tribunal solemnly considered the claim of Railroad Engineer Boyd R. Ringhiser, who had been treating himself for constipation and then, unable to make it fast enough across a busy freight yard, relieved himself in a gondola car—where a load of steel plates suddenly shifted, crushing his leg. That same year, the Court took up the case of a ship's baker who had grabbed a sharp knife instead of a scoop to serve hard ice cream and lost two fingers when the knife slipped. In both cases, the Supreme Court decided for the injured men.

In both cases, several Justices protested strongly that no matter how pitiful the individual instance, the Court should not concern itself with mere questions of fact that had been reviewed already by lower courts. All through the '30s, Justice Louis Brandeis had maintained that position. In 1957 Justice Frankfurter's impatience boiled up, and he refused to participate in any more such cases. In an angry dissent on the ice cream case and three others, he said: "The Court may or may not be 'doing justice' in the four insignificant cases it decided today; it certainly is doing injustice to the significant and important cases on the calendar and to its own role as the supreme judicial body of the country. If the court does not abide by its own rules, how can it expect the bar to do so?"

COURTS

Decisions

► Is it against the law to stand stark naked on the street in broad daylight in the heart of Manhattan's financial district? Detective Joseph Leahy thought so the Sunday he saw green-eyed Actress Jan Tice (5 ft. 10 in., 37-25-37) posing nude in front of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Building while Writer



ACTRESS JAN TICE

Just being nude is not disturbing.

John Wilcock held her coat and Photographer Jean Kirkland took pictures—for a book on New York monuments, they explained. It takes proof of lewdness as well as nudeness to make a case of indecent exposure, but this problem did not arise; photographer, writer and model were all charged with disorderly conduct—acting "in such a manner as to be offensive to others." But for others to be offended, others have to be present, ruled Criminal Court Judge Richard Daly. Reluctantly he acquitted Monument Tice and friends, because near Wall Street that Sunday afternoon there had been nobody around but the pigeons.

► Can a man with a pocketful of money be jailed as a vagrant? Confessed Mississippi Gambler John L. Fonte could claim no legitimate occupation, so even though he was carrying \$771, he was convicted for "statutory vagrancy" under an old Tennessee law originally intended to force the idle to work at "some honest calling." Upholding Fonte's conviction, the state's supreme court ruled that "the mere possession of money is insufficient defense" and found that the ancient statute, now "directed almost exclusively at the prevention of crime," can apparently be used against some well-to-do idlers.

► Does a confessed murderer have any redress when his court-appointed lawyer refuses to represent him on appeal? He does indeed, ruled a Tokyo court. Katsumi Ohnishi had been sentenced to death for poisoning his parents and stealing their savings, then butchering two strangers for their identity papers. When Lawyer Toichi Yasutomi was appointed to handle Murderer Ohnishi's appeal, he asked to be replaced because he was convinced that Ohnishi's crime was hideous and that the sentence was just. Months later, all appeals lost, in a last gesture of defiance the convicted criminal sued the respected lawyer for dereliction of duty. This time Ohnishi won. The award: \$83.



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MODERN LIVING

FASHIONS

Hitting the Beach

The winter vacation has become so commonplace that the sting of the first sleet is likely to trigger automatic thoughts of palm trees and bathing suits—even for those who will have to fly-now-pay-later.

There will be plenty of bare-midriff two-piecers and, for girls who feel happier under wraps, the so-called blouson tops. Bikini wearers can cover up, too, with extra little button-on aprons and tops of the same material. But the pace setters will be more likely to show up in the strapless, wrapped-towel look—the suit that seems about to fall off any minute, but is so cleverly architected within as to be all but surf-proof. In materials, the newest notions seem to be the least aquatic: white kid, velvet, wool and suede.

To take the chill off *après-swim*, there is always the all-encompassing shift. But Catalina has produced a rival that it calls the Sponge—a bright-colored, V-necked sweater of Antron, so stretchy that it slips easily down over the shoulders when the sun comes out—or the move seems desirable.



VELVET

SUEDE



THE HOUSE

Look, Ma, I'm on TV!

Television has finally completed its invasion of the American home. It will now be possible to record the family's very own Golden Treasury of Dr. Kildare to keep forever. The Cinerama-Telcan does the trick. It is a video-tape recorder no bigger than a bread box. Wired into a home TV set, it can record programs off the air as they are being watched. Then, with a flick of the switch, Telcan can play them back immediately or at any future time as desired. The machine can be halted during commercials, or they can be snipped out later. The neatest part of the trick is the price: under \$300. The least expensive "home" TV recorder previously available is an Ampex portable unit that turns out tapes of broadcast quality but costs \$11,900.

Telcan has a number of other tricks up its transistorized sleeve. With the addition of a tiny TV camera (about \$150), Telcan can turn the living room into a studio so that shots of Sister tap dancing in her new stretch pants, Uncle Al wearing the lamp shade at the party, or Dad doing his R.C.A.F. exercises can be immortalized on tape for instant see-back on the family TV set, like Polaroid movies.

Telcan (the name alludes to canned TV) was developed by a pair of British inventors. It was demonstrated in London last summer. A television tape of its debut was run soon afterward on NBC's *Today* show, where it caught the eye of Cinerama Inc. President Nicolas Reisini. Reisini, a man of wide-screen vision, was looking around for a new product to highlight Cinerama's

plans for diversification, and he hoped a plane for London that very day started negotiations for world rights to Telcan.

Telcan is as simple to operate as another tape recorder, uses standard 4-inch fourth-inch triple-play recording on oversized reels. Although the tape speed is necessarily fast—120 in. per second as compared with 7½ IPS on audio recorders—Telcan records track so that 44 minutes of program can be recorded on a single reel. By means of a timing device, Telcan can record television programs when the body is home, making it possible for viewer to run off a show exactly when he wants to see it. In fact, the day may come when plays, concerts or operas are video-taped by professional companies and sold to the home market in way phonograph records are.

Other Voices, Other Rooms

The Joneses wake up every morning at 7 to the sound of a helicopter pilot telling his friends in Radioland about the newborn traffic snarls on the turnpikes leading into town. The Joneses would much prefer waking up at 8, but they cannot turn off the radio: it is the Smiths' apartment next door. Down the hall in 17-F live the Browns, who loathe Handel. Yet their living room knee-deep in *Water Music* every night—high-decibel seepage from the Green stereo set in 17-G.

Why does the electronic voice penetrate plaster when human voices don't? Sound engineers offer several reasons. The ordinary give-and-take of human conversation varies greatly in its volume level, but the announcer touting jet travel and the interview lady spouting praise at an author are merciless in their demand for attention. They sound as loud as someone addressing a meeting.

WRAP-AROUND



BIKINI WITH APRON



Some are even safe in the surf.

BONNIE TELLER



STRAPLESS



NEW BANKS: IN MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH.

which, after all, is what they are doing. Furthermore, for obscure sociological reasons, the cheaper the radio, the louder it is played. And a radio's ability to make the tables and walls it touches vibrate along with the speaker cone often turns a small room into one enormous speaker enclosure.

Low Boom. When music is the offender, the boom-lay, boom-lay boom of the low frequencies is usually all the captive audience next door can hear, because it rumbles much more readily through apartment walls. Says Acoustical Engineer Michael J. Kodaras: "It's like the big waves at the beach—they're much more likely to knock you down than the smaller ones." Low-frequency sounds are also closer to the natural resonance of most wall paneling, hence make walls vibrate more than high frequencies.

The problem of noise annoyance has taken on monstrous proportions during the new wave of apartment building. It is all a question of mass, says Architect N. Dan Larsen of Manhattan's Frederick G. Frost Jr. & Associates: "World War II is a convenient dividing line. During the war, new, lighter materials were developed. The masonry wall eight to ten inches thick gave way to a plastered metal lath partition two or three inches thick." The whole thing resonates like a drumhead.

Trouble Next Door. Some amelioration can be obtained by putting a pad of sound-deadening material under the radio or hi-fi set. "We recommend a wafer padding with a foam rubber back about two inches thick," says Austin Granat, technical consultant for Fisher Radio Corp. But few set owners bother to do anything about it unless the neighbors complain.

Ultimately, the only solution is a good, thick wall. But despite the universality of complaints, no U.S. state has written any specifications on noise control into its building codes—though Canada and at least five European countries have. Now New York City, where the worst offenses take place, has commissioned the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute to prepare a new building code, which should give some relief. Says New York City Buildings Commissioner Harold Birns: "The authors of the present [1937] code had no concept of the cacophony produced without limit by a disharmonic symphony of radio, television and hi-fi sets, which now thoroughly inundates our apartment houses."



IN GARDENA, CALIF.

DESIGN

Such Nice Places to Keep Money

Churches, with their steeples, and banks, with their classic columns, used to be the most traditional stereotypes of public buildings. But these two conservative institutions have proved in recent times the most daringly experimental when it comes to architecture—partly because they are built not for efficiency but for the glory of, respectively, God and Mammon, and are not forced into egg-crater by the economic demands of multitudinous offices in little space. Modern churches now come in all shapes, from fishes to flying saucers. But recently, new banks have begun to rival new churches in variety, elegance, and novelty.

► The Security First National Bank branch in Los Angeles' International Airport Center looks as gay as a country club. The round pavilion with glass walls and a cookie-cutter roof juts out from a circular pedestal, and might be overlooking the swimming pool and the 18th hole instead of the corner of Century Boulevard and Vicksburg Avenue. But by some medieval quirk, Welton Becket & Associates has designed the entrances as bridges over a moat.

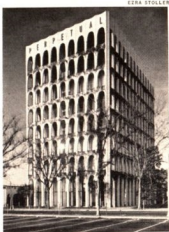
► In Mount Clemens, Mich., a former spa still reminded of its past by the faint odor of sulphur water, civic morale has been bolstered by the erection of the \$350,000 headquarters of the Mount Clemens Federal Savings & Loan Association. Architects Meathe, Kessler & Associates of Grosse Pointe, designed a graceful concrete hat with upturned brim, decorated it with plastic skylights, and surrounded it with fountains and gardens.

► The Great Western Savings & Loan Association's new branch building in Gardena, Calif., is thunderously massive without being forbidding. Designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, it is all roof and piers. A great flat slab 112 ft. square floats 20 ft. above the glassed-in banking space; supporting it are eight gigantic piers, like upended paving blocks.

► On Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills, the Perpetual Savings Bank has perpetuated itself in a delicate honeycomb by Edward D. Stone. Tier upon tier of arches suggests a squared-off



IN LOS ANGELES



IN BEVERLY HILLS

Some are gay as a club.

Tower of Pisa; behind the concrete colonnades is an all-glass building. At each floor level, a continuous flower bed with piped-in water provides hanging gardens to heighten the parallel between Beverly Hills and Babylon.

► Most unorthodox of all is the National Shawmut Bank's little branch in Boston's Bowdoin Square Government Center. Architects Imre and Anthony Halasz were asked to design a temporary structure that could be torn down when the Government Center was completed. This might take a decade, reasoned the Halasz brothers, and all that time something ugly and uninspired would be sitting there. So they drew up plans for something attractive and imaginative: a red brick snailshell. Customers enter where a snail would, find tellers ranged behind a curved counter inside the shell. Daylight comes through a plastic dome in the roof. The little building has caused much comment ("Entering it along that sloping pathway," says a woman depositor, "is like being sucked into a hair drier"), and many Bostonians will be sorry to see it torn down.

Dry.

The taste no two people describe alike
and yet everybody agrees is great!

In recent years a simple 3-letter word has invaded the language of convivial company to describe a favorite drink.

It's the word DRY.

To most, "DRY" simply means "GREAT." An almost indefinable combination of desirable qualities. Lightness. Quenchability. Authenticity. Smoothness. Bouquet. And today's taste in Scotch is no exception.

It's away from the heavy and sweet. Toward the crisp and clean. And that's where White Horse comes in.

You get *dryness* in White Horse, not by chance but by design. It's born into the blend from the beginning. In the way it's aged and blended. The way it gets its "finish."

The subtlety of White Horse character can be traced to 200 years of blending skill and experience. For instance:

We always draw on the same select Scotch whiskies from our own stocks. (Hence, you get uniform flavor. Identical quality).

A special selection of as many as 30 different malt whiskies is used to make White Horse DRY (plus half a dozen trade secrets).

Every drop of White Horse is bottled in Scotland. The only water used comes fresh from bubbling Scottish brooks. (Some Scotches are shipped over here for bottling. Never White Horse).

Result? White Horse Scotch tastes delightfully DRY. And delightfully like Scotch.

Next round, try White Horse. On the rocks, with soda or water. You'll taste the DRY in White Horse. And you'll like what you taste!

100% Scotch Whiskies. Bottled in Scotland. Blended 86.8 proof. Sole distributors: Brown-Vintners Company, New York City.



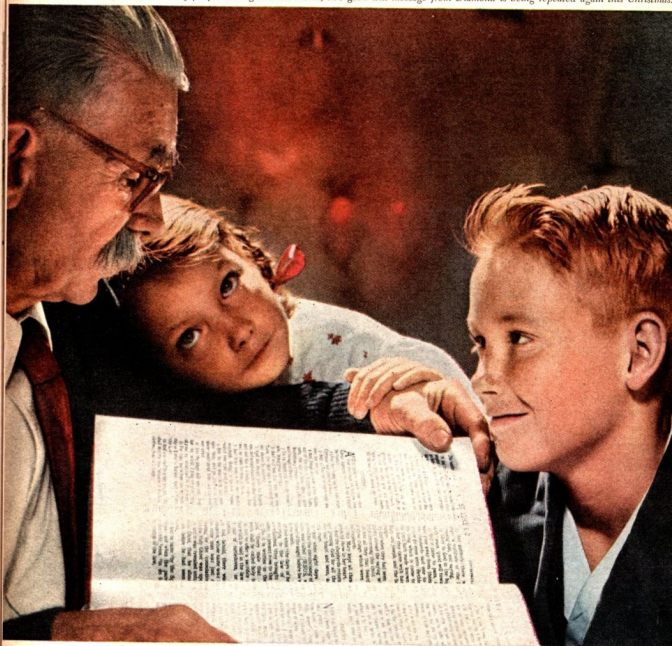
Unique White Horse Glasses. Like to mingle the past with the contemporary? Then you'll want a set of handblown White Horse glasses (shown on facing page). Set of 4 in sparkling crystal. Embellished with colorful, old-world tavern signs. Send \$3 to White Horse Cellar, Dept. T122, P.O. Box 170, Boston 1, Massachusetts.



White Horse
the dry Scotch



In answer to requests from many people throughout the world, this good-will message from Diamond is being repeated again this Christmas.



The world's all-time "best seller" is the Bible. In 1963, Americans alone purchased an estimated 14 million copies. Some are small enough to fit in the palm of your

hand; some are too heavy to hold. There is a 20-volume edition in Braille. Prices range from less than a dollar to the \$600,000 Gutenberg edition, now a national treasure.

Reread this chapter from a best seller

Better still, read it aloud to a child. Children think with their hearts, and these gentle words are for the heart as well as the mind.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night..."

The words are from the New Testa-

ment, Ch. 2 of the Book of St. Luke.

It's paper and leather and ink — just a book — and yet the Bible is the marrow of our culture, the heritage of Western civilization. Our future depends, in large measure, on this book continuing to be a "best seller."

And its inspiration is the joy of the Season — *Merry Christmas!*

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**Diamond
Chemicals**

RELIGION

PROTESTANTS

The Evangelical Undertow

"There is a mounting tide of conservatism in Protestantism," argues Dr. Ilion T. Jones, retired professor of San Francisco Theological Seminary. "I am convinced that an 'evangelical undertow' is rapidly building up in our century and that it must be reckoned with sooner or later."

Dr. Jones' undertow is a hard-to-map third stream in American Protestantism, running midway between the sim-

WALTER DENNETT



THEOLOGIAN HENRY

The Virgin Birth is firm doctrine.

plistic fundamentalism of small Christian sects, and the sophisticated faith espoused by a majority of the nation's best-known theologians and denominational leaders. It is best known as evangelical conservatism, and it stands for a strictly orthodox Protestant faith that summons scholarship to the defense of traditional Reformation doctrine.

The Creed: Yes or No. Evangelical conservatism makes open war on secularism; it distrusts Rome and opposes any movement toward union with Catholicism; it stands opposed to the "liberalism" and ecumenical spirit of the leaders of the mainstream Protestant denominations in the National Council of Churches. "Conservatism holds to the necessity of recognizing an absolute deity," says the Rev. Curtis Nims of San Francisco's First Baptist Church. "The conservative accepts the Bible as the authoritative rule of faith and practice. The corporeal Resurrection and the Virgin Birth are firm parts of conservative doctrine." In theology, according to Dr. Roger Nicole of Massachusetts' Gordon Divinity School, the new conservatism does not favor "the evasion of the manifest meaning of the creed on the pretext of a nonliberal interpretation. You either subscribe to the creed or you don't."

The Darwin-hating Baptists of the early 20th century attacked modernism with simple faith and simple anathemas. The evangelical conservatives, by contrast, strive for a consistent, logical theology; their best-known writers—such as Editor Carl Henry of *Christianity Today* and Cornelius Van Til of Westminster Theological Seminary—challenge Barth, Bultmann and Tillich on the ground that these men propose as truth personal heresies and unwarranted distinctions that are incompatible with essential Biblical faith and Protestant tradition.

"Articulate Minority." The size and strength of the movement are hard to measure. Dean Jerald Brauer of the University of Chicago Divinity School argues that the movement appears impressive because of "an articulate minority talking at the top," but is "not as strong, relatively speaking, as it was five years ago." Conservatives claim that they represent about 70% of the nation's grass-roots Christians. As evidence of health, they point to the undiminished appeal of Billy Graham, the growth of such conservative groups as the National Association of Evangelicals (which claims to speak for 10 million Protestants), the spread of the movement within ecumenically oriented churches.

A case in point is Lyndon Johnson's church, the Disciples of Christ: about half of their churches (but not Johnson's) belong to the conservative North American Christian Convention, which could, in a matter of years, formally break away from the parent body. In Oakland, Calif., 18 months ago, the Melrose Baptist Church withdrew from the American Baptist Convention in protest against the ecumenical outlook of the denomination's leaders and the

kind of theology taught at Eastern Baptist seminaries.

Toward Maturity. "Basically, there is a conservative group in practically every congregation and every seminary and every Christian organization today," says Dr. Earl Kalland, faculty dean of Denver's Conservative Baptist Theological Seminary. Critics of evangelical conservatism charge that the real sources of its strength are desire for the sustenance of a simplified faith in an age of turmoil, wistful yearning for the good old days when Protestantism was in fact if not in name the American established church. Conservatives answer that they express the general belief of U.S. Protestants, who are indifferent to the complex insights of modern theologians and to the church-joining concerns of denominational leaders.

Even some progressive churchmen agree that evangelical Christianity represents a step toward maturity of the conservative impulse. "Conservative Christianity is growing by trying to become respectable," says Dr. Nels Ferré of the liberal Andover Newton Theological School, and he credits it with seeking "an intelligent evangelical faith. The conservative movement is neither an obscurantist fundamentalism nor a negative modernism—and it is making inroads everywhere."

THE BIBLE

Christmas Fact & Fancy

Perhaps it is the holly and the ivy, or the midnight services, or the sight of spotlight crèches, but the Christmas legend each year still moves men's hearts as no other story can. The Carpenter Joseph, taking his pregnant wife on the hard journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, forced to shiver through the winter cold in the only lodging available—a humble stable. There the Christ Child is born, watched over by lowing oxen

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, KRESS COLLECTION

EDDY POSTHUMA DE BOER

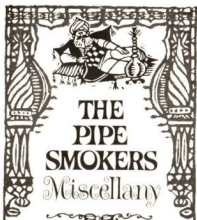


SCHOLAR SMIT



ADORATION OF THE MAGI

Jesus was born toward the end of August.



*Tidbits, Tips & Trivia from
the makers of Bond Street*

THE JOY OF SMOKING TO THE HEEL

When you reach the dottle—those last shreds of tobacco wedged in the heel—don't think you've had it. Your pipe may mislead you and go out, but light up again for those last sweet puffs.

By smoking the dottle, you do your heel good by caking it the same as the rest of the bowl. And it's easier to empty your pipe when finished.

These are just extras, though. Your big advantage is a longer, sweeter smoke, good to the last dottle. Doubly assured when your tobacco is Bond Street.



Give a man a pipe he can smoke...
And his home is bright with a calm
delight.

THOMSON

THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT



Bond Street Pipe Tobacco keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slower-burning. You'll enjoy the pleasant aroma and satisfying flavor of Bond Street's choice imported and domestic tobaccos, too. Make your next pipeful Bond Street.

A meeting of
pipe smokers is
always a meeting
of minds



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and sheep, and worshiped by three kings from the East, bearing gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Of course, none of this has much to do with the real birth of Jesus of Nazareth around 7 B.C.* Many Protestant scholars, and even a few Roman Catholics, regard the infancy narratives in *Luke* and *Matthew* as too contaminated by myth to be considered reliable history. And even the more conservative scholars who accept these accounts as historically plausible agree that most of the famous Christmas legends are unsupported elaborations of the sparse, precise biblical reports. In a new volume of reverent debunking called *Born in Bethlehem* (Helicon: \$3.50), Dutch Theologian H. W. van der Vaart Smit borrows the conclusions of modern scriptural scholars to separate Christmas fact from Christmas fancy.

Better Off in a Stable. Smit, an Evangelical minister turned Roman Catholic, argues that the birth of Christ in dire poverty and in the dead of winter is just pious nonsense. By the standards of his time, Joseph was comfortably middle-class: the reason he went from Nazareth to Bethlehem—probably several months before Jesus' birth—was that he had property in Bethlehem and owed taxes to the Roman authorities there.

No scholar believes that Jesus was born in December; Smit thinks that the most likely time was the end of August. Not until the 4th century did the early church commemorate the Saviour's birth—and then it shrewdly but arbitrarily picked a date that coincided with a joyous pagan feast.

Truth & Beauty. The Middle Ages depicted the Magi as three kings, and even gave them sonorous, Eastern-sounding names—Kaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. In fact, the "kings" are as imaginary as their names. The Magi were simply astrologer-priests, possibly from Babylon, and their number is uncertain: early paintings of the Christmas scene show anywhere from two to seven of them. Scholars are divided about the origin and meaning of the star that lured them to Bethlehem. Many critics dismiss Matthew's account of it as pure myth; Smit believes that the star actually was a major conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn that would have been visible in Near Eastern skies from spring through fall of 7 B.C.

Far from destroying the beauty of the Christmas story, Smit says, this kind of careful attention to historical detail produces a right understanding of the great event. When Christmas is stripped of fable, he claims, "a realm of overpowering truth and beauty will then be revealed, a story which is at the same time completely human and yet beyond all measure divine."

* The 6th century astronomer-monk Dionysius Exiguus tried to find out in what year Jesus was born according to Roman reckoning, misread his sources, and threw the dating of the Christian era out of whack.



Stubborn

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This week LIFE goes to the movies—

—and the best seat in the house is reserved for *you*.

LIFE's big year-end double issue, "The Movies," is a spectacular look at the magic world of global film-making. It includes the most glittering personalities on the screen today as well as those behind the scenes who make the business of make-believe profitable.

This special LIFE issue covers every aspect of the movies, from close-ups of the stars to panoramic views of movie audiences, Africa to Albuquerque; famous photographers—Cornell Capa, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Leonard McCombe, Gjon Mili, Michael Rougier—contribute their finest work; and a special photographic essay re-stages great moments from old movies, with some surprising faces in familiar roles.

You'll enjoy novelist Budd Schulberg's views on the changing Hollywood scene, and Robert Coughlan's report on his conversations with 25 of the world's leading directors, whose techniques are revolutionizing movie-making. And, of course, LIFE examines Westerns—from William S. Hart to Japan's "Eastern Westerns."

"The Movies" is 194 pages of entertainment, with 57 pages in magnificent color. It's on sale now wherever magazines are sold. Get your copy today.



Toys in the Gallery

Some elves with names like Calder, Feininger, Marisol and Jones have in recent years and months been busy making Christmas toys, and this week their work fills Manhattan's Betty Parsons Gallery. Anyone with, say, \$5,000 left in his Christmas Club kick will be able to pick up a lot of things like they don't have at F.A.O. Schwarz—not that the kids wouldn't rather have a bikini for their Barbie doll.

The show purports to demonstrate "playfulness" in modern art, and in many cases it does. Lyonel Feininger is represented by a *Toy City with People*, 17 carved and painted wooden pieces as finely wrought as his satiric cartoons. One diminutive inhabitant is a girl no more than an inch high whose brown pigtailed fly out from her head like helicopter rotors. Marisol (that's the only name she uses) checked in with a doll of a self-portrait—a foam rubber figure 3 ft. tall, with one red velvet lip, one of red silk. The doll looks like Marisol, who herself looks like something drawn by Charles Addams.

Feininger and Marisol are not for sale, and—fortunately—neither is Alexander Calder's *Pull Toy with Rocks*. The usually delicate Calder touch does not work on the four Ballantine Ale cans he has strung together with wire and filled with clashing, crashing stones. Pop Artist Andy Warhol perpetrates a botulistic sick joke: a dozen T shirts (which unadorned sell for 50¢ apiece) carry his silk-screen representation of the tainted tuna tins that poisoned two Detroit housewives nine months ago. Price: \$300 each.

The most startling toy in the show was contributed not by a painter or

sculptor but by a musician. Joe Jones, 29, is an unknown composer* whose seemingly playful intention is to get a head in music. He has done it with a \$250 hat, atop which stands a skeletal drummer and a ghostly dancer. When the hat is pulled down tight, the drummer's eyes light up and he begins a rhythmic tattoo, while the dancer follows his every beat. Prices or "playfulness" notwithstanding, Santa's North Pole helpers were never like this. Nor was "art."

Wizard of the Woodcut

The hands that grip the gouges are as calloused as a carpenter's; the eyes that guide them brood with the sad sensitivity of a romantic poet. A chipper, Groucho Marxist mustache contradicts both hands and eyes. They all belong to Printmaker Antonio Frasconi, 44, one of the U.S.'s foremost woodcut artists. In February, more than 80 of his whorled and scratch-lined works (see opposite page) will begin a two-year long tour of U.S. museums. Sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, the show demonstrates Frasconi at his versatile best, running from bright, bird-wreathed seascapes to dark commentary on Franco's Spain.

Tin-Horn Bull. A Uruguayan by birth, Frasconi worked as an illustrator and political cartoonist until he could get his "magic paper"—a scholarship to the Art Students League that brought him to the U.S. in 1945. Over the years after that, his clean-lined, brightly colored prints of California lettuce pickers and Fulton Market fish packers, plus his portraits of such literary figures as Bertolt Brecht and Sean O'Casey, won him a reputation as a wizard of the woodcut.

The Spanish sequence is an ode to the poet Federico García Lorca, whom

* Not to be confused with Jazz Drummer Jo Jones, 52, of Count Basie fame, who is not to be confused with "Philly Joe" Jones, 40, also a jazz drummer, and none of whom are to be confused with Muralist and Time Cover Artist Joe Jones, who died last April at 54.



FRASCONI HOLDING MARSH GRASS
From driftwood with grandeur.

Frasconi met in Montevideo in 1933, three years before Lorca was gunned down in the Spanish Civil War. In 1962, after a month in Spain, Frasconi made 16 Picasso-like lithographs titled *Oda a Lorca*, in which the poet is depicted as a matador, Franco as a hairy-legged bull with tin horns, and Spain as a land of graves over which praying figures whirl by on the backs of monsters, symbolizing "mysticism and dogma in a wild, hysterical sky."

What Wood Can Say. But Frasconi can be lyrical as well as grim. His studio in Norwalk, Conn., looks out on Long Island Sound and a chain of tidal flats that swarm with migratory birds in spring and fall. In a colorful 1959 sequence, Frasconi shows the crisp, yellow marshland laced with long black lines of birds that seem to pulsate on the paper. Denuded trees float above the steel-blue water, which itself ripples with the grain of the wood. His *Homage to Francisco Sabater*, honoring the anti-Franco bandit slain in 1960, shows the same respect for what wood can say.

"No two pieces of wood are alike," says Frasconi, who uses a dozen varieties of pine, some of them knotty, in his work. "Sometimes the wood gives you a break and matches your conception in the way it is grained. But often you must surrender to the grain, find the movement of the scene, the mood of the work, in the way the grain runs."

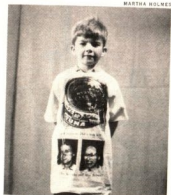
As a result, Frasconi always keeps an eye peeled for unusual wood. He needs a lot of it, since his U.S.-born wife and sons, Pablo, 11, and Miguel, 7, also do woodcuts. The boys often bring home odd pieces of driftwood from their play, and such scavenging sometimes pays off in inscrutable ironies. A battered board that floated in from the Sound ended up in the Lorca series, conveying by its grain the harsh grandeur of the Spanish earth.



JONES HAT



CALDER PULL-TOY



WARHOL T SHIRT

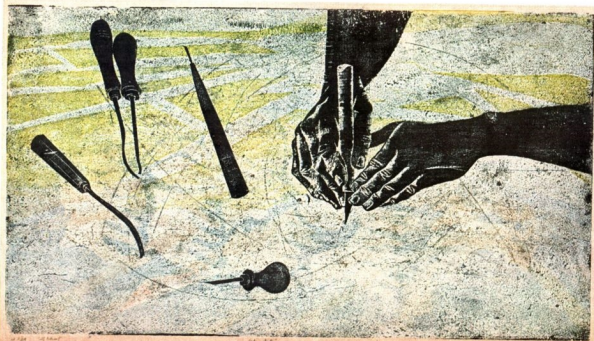
Neither elves nor artists were ever like this.

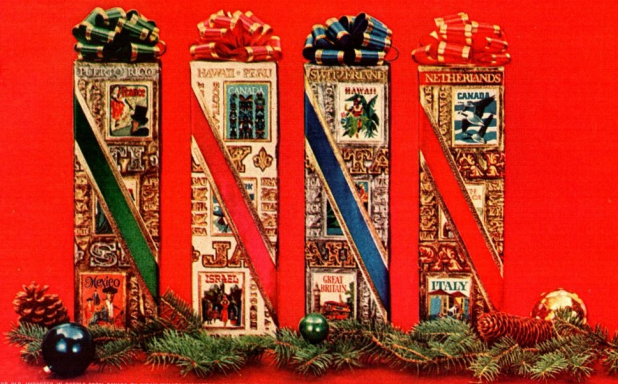
SHARP TOOLS v. STUBBORN GRAIN

"HOMAGE TO FRANCISCO SABATER"
(1960) is Uruguayan-born Antonio Frasconi's
woodcut bouquet to an anti-Franco bandit.



"SELF-PORTRAIT" (1958) shows Frasconi's
hands guiding gouges to discover images in the
side of a board that is later inked and printed.





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Your choice of gift wraps at no extra cost.

4 wonderful ways to say "Merry Christmas"



...and a fifth for you

By this time you've probably found out that everyone (well-I-I, *practically* everyone) would be simply delighted to get Canadian Club for Christmas.

That shouldn't surprise you. After all, Canadian Club is the world's most wanted gift whisky. So why not give your favorite people what they want? Canadian Club comes lavishly gift-wrapped in rich foil, sprightly ribbons and hand-tied bows.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
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WILKESVILLE, CANADA

And, while you're buying Canadian Club for your friends, don't forget to pick up an extra bottle and wish *yourself* a happy holiday, too. With discriminating taste like yours, you certainly deserve Canadian Club!

Canadian Club

CINEMA

It's Murder

Charade. A corpse lies in a chapel. Suddenly a door bursts open and a leering menace strides up to the dead man, jabs a pin into his hand. "Good grief!" gasps the dead man's widow (Audrey Hepburn). "What next?"

Another fiend, that's what. A pal of the malevolent mourner corners the widow and flips lighted matches into her lap. "Your late husband," he snarls viciously, "stole a quarter-million dollars from me an' my buddies. Where is it?" To the rescue rushes a handsome stranger (Cary Grant). "What's going on here?" he wants to know.

What's going on is sort of confused. Director Stanley Donen (*Indiscreet*) apparently started out with a sensible idea: with Grant and Hepburn on the payroll and Paris for a setting, why not tell a love story? But somewhere along the production line, he decided to make a thriller instead. Then he turned the thriller into a sophisticated comedy of murders. Then he let the comedy degenerate into a bloody awful farce, the sort of shaggy rat story in which the customers are the real victims—they are inexorably gagged to death. He: "Would you like to see where I was tattooed?" She: "Yes!" He: "All right. We can drive by the place."

But what the heck. The color is nice and Christmassy, especially in the murder scenes. Hepburn looks real crazy in those crazy Givenchy vines. Her co-star, who is 59, looks a feisty 45 and gives out with some grand Grant. In one episode, confronting a buxom grandma with an orange tucked underneath her chin, he grapples hilariously with a problem of some physiological intricacy: how to transfer the orange from her chin to his—without using his hands. In another, pretending to be shy, he blushing refuses to get undressed in front of Hepburn, steps firmly under a shower and starts soaping himself with all his clothes on. When Hepburn looks horrified, Grant makes a manly effort to reassure her. Fingering the material of his suit, he explains with an engaging grin: "Drip dry."

Up in Arms for Peace

The Victors. Dismayed by Hollywood's handling of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, which he wrote, and *The Guns of Navarone*, which he wrote and produced, Carl Foreman wrote, produced, and this time directed an epic he calls a "personal statement" about the futility of war. Both victor and vanquished are losers, Foreman says. Then he says it again. His film delivers not one statement but a whole barrage of them, all strung together in newsreel clips and hit-or-miss dramatic vignettes that pound, pound, pound.

The story begins in England, 1942. Two young G.I.s, played by George

Hamilton and George Peppard, are members of a U.S. Army squad that Foreman follows to Sicily, to D-day and France, and finally to the Soviet zone of Berlin. In Sicily, Hamilton spurs Betty Grable pinups for shots of Soviet recruits. "I'd like to meet a Russian G.I. sometime, some day," he moons. His odd fixation presages the picture's climax—a senseless knife fight between Hamilton and a Russian soldier (Albert Finney), who slay one another in the ruins of Berlin.

The brutalizing effects of war are thus stated, but they are seldom felt. In a film that asks little of its actors, Hamilton seems the same callow youth

but war brings all manner of hardship.

Meanwhile, to keep his chronology straight, Foreman inserts newsreel footage from back home: the Rockettes try out an obstacle course; Shirley Temple marries John Agar; Bess Truman launches a flying ambulance. Cutting back to the action makes for a staccato "new cinema" pace—and for irony, tons and tons of it. Foreman likes his irony set to music. While troop trucks slog through snow, he cuts to a slide announcing: THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS THEATER WISHES EVERYBODY A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR 1945. EVERYBODY SING! Later, there is mawkish sentiment when some gentle British folk invite Peppard—on crutches—to have tea, then slip him a ten-shilling note, which cues in several



GEORGE HAMILTON (LEFT) & ROMY SCHNEIDER IN "THE VICTORS"

War is not like Christmas, see?

from first to last. Vincent Edwards, James Mitchum, Eli Wallach, Peter Fonda and dozens of others pop in and out of the narrative or simply vanish, presumably missing in action. There are no heroes. In one unconvincing scene, a muddled plea for brotherhood, G.I.s gape idly while two Negroes in uniform are beaten up by drawing American soldiers enjoying a "coon hunt." To complete a \$50 wage, a couple of the boys gun down a puppy. There are looting episodes too. But when Foreman's lads grow misty-eyed over a music box waltz, they prove they are vandals with heart.

Avoiding battle scenes, Foreman cannily keeps the war warmish in a series of boy-meets-girl episodes that put the Army into the fray with some of Europe's lushest beauties. One soldier corrupts a trim Belgian violinist, Romy Schneider. Vince Edwards meets Rosanna Schiaffino. Eli Wallach, as a tough sergeant, sweats out an air raid abed with Jeanne Moreau. Hamilton pairs off with Elke Sommer, a free-living German girl whose parents approve of her enterprise. Peppard finds respite with Melina Mercouri, a black market wheeler-dealer. None can compare to the girl next door, of course,

bars of *There'll Always Be an England*.

Occasionally, though, *The Victors* explores man's inhumanity to man with candor—or perhaps it's just a heartfelt desire to shock. A twelve-year-old homosexual leaves the Germans and offers himself as a G.I. camp follower. A French lieutenant coolly obliterates every sign of life in an enemy pillbox that has already surrendered. Soldiers in transit sing out that old favorite *Bless 'Em All*, blurrily substituting that four-letter verb common to army camps but not to Hollywood movies.

Shaped by discipline, such boldness might have made a classic indictment of war. Instead, Foreman has spent two and a half years producing a faintly vulgar medley nearly three hours long. Even the film's finest scene is marred by excess: as a pathetically boyish American deserter is led before a firing squad in a vast snowy field, the sound track erupts with Frank Sinatra's dulcet warbling of *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*, followed by *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*. The choice seems arbitrary, a victory cheaply won. Or does an audience really have to be elbowed black and blue to understand that war is a far cry from Christmas?

SPORT

AUTO RACING

The Beetle Bomb

The Volkswagen may be the most practical invention since the zipper. It goes almost everywhere, and it does almost anything. It never touches a drop of water, and sips gasoline daintily, as if through a straw. It is a durable first car, a dependable second car, a disposable station car, a playpen for the kids, and a kennel for the family dog. Now the Volkswagen has a new, bolder occupation: it is off to the race track—squealing brakes, crashing gears, smoking tires and all.

To sports-car buffs with pinched pockets and Mitty-esque visions of checkered flags, Volkswagen racing is serious business. Grand Prix cars are strictly for pros, Ferraris are for millionaires, and Corvettes are for finance companies. The Formula Junior was supposed to be every man's racer—a pint-sized Grand Prix car that offered most of the thrills for a fraction of the cost. But prices quickly shot up to \$7,000 or more.

Stripe Down the Hood. At least, the new Formula Vee (for Volkswagen) class seems inflation-proof. Anybody who has a spare Beetle lying around the garage can turn it into a reasonable facsimile of a Grand Prix car—cigar-shaped body, roll bar and all—by buying a kit for \$945. An extra \$1,000 buys a brand-new Volkswagen engine, plus a special gearbox, rear axle and suspension—and \$2,495 buys the whole 825-lb. bomb from the factory. The family sedan can even be raced as is: just painting a stripe down the hood or a number on the door is enough to transform it into a "touring class" racing machine.

It is all a gas—even for an old pro

like Dan Gurney, who has raced everything from putt-putting go-karts to the snorting monsters of Indianapolis. "You can't get confused," says Gurney. "You can even yell at the other drivers." At the Bahamas Speed Weeks, while martini glasses tinkled and bountiful blondes chased their heroes through the pits, Gurney took the wheel of a bright orange Volkswagen and challenged all comers in a 103-mile race. His car was a 1956 sedan with 250,000 miles on the speedometer. It was, in fact, his personal car in Nassau—and his wife fretted nervously while inspectors stripped it apart to make sure that no slick mechanic had installed a Cadillac engine. "I hope they can get it back together," she said. "This is our transportation."

Open Door. The race was run strictly according to the book. There was a Le Mans-type running start for the 17 sedan drivers, and the 18 Formula Vees had to give the sedans a one-minute head start. The speeds were low—"Sometimes I can get up to about 70 m.p.h.," confided one racer, "if the wind isn't too bad"—and so were the risks. But the racket was realistic: "Why it sounds just like a race," mused a spectator.

Even in a Volkswagen, class tells. Gurney was all the way into the first corner before he shut the door of his sedan. Only once each lap—on a particularly tricky corner—did he bother to touch his brakes. The rest of the time, his VW was flat out. "You've got to keep the revs up there and use them," he explained. The pace was enough to discourage all but the stoutest-hearted competitors. "I tried to run his kind of race," said one, "but I didn't have the nerve." At the finish, Gurney was a full minute ahead of the nearest sedan. His average speed: 65 m.p.h.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Paying to Play

In Princeton's college-boy lingo, Bill Bradley, 20, is known as a "straight arrow"—meaning, says a classmate, that "he is just what his parents think he is." He does not drink or smoke or chew. He studies seven hours a day for a B average, goes to Presbyterian church on Sunday and polishes off by teaching Sunday school. That would be enough to set him apart on most campuses, but there is more: he is the first All-America basketball player in Princeton's history, and quite possibly the best college player in the game.

Last week stubborn Lafayette put three men on Bradley, and sometimes there were five. He still shook loose for 27 points—including a basket in the last 2 sec. that tied the game and sent it into overtime. With 35 sec. left in the overtime period and the Tigers trailing by two points, he sank another clutch shot—and the game went into double overtime. Then Bradley coolly dumped in two free throws, and Princeton pulled the game out, 69-64. Three days later, he scored 31 points as the Tigers sank Navy, 80-76. That brought Bradley's scoring total to 130 points in just four games, gave Princeton a 3-1 start on another winning season that could well earn the Tigers their fourth Ivy League championship in five years.

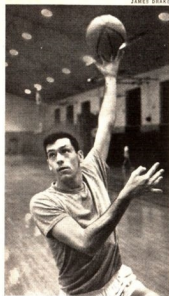
58 in a Row. Most high scorers are "gunners," whose natural inclinations are to let fly whenever they get their hands on the ball. Not Bradley. He does everything well—drifts, rebounds, decoys and sets up plays. If anything, he upsets his coach by passing off to a teammate too often. But when he does shoot—swish! Rare is the pro who hits on 50% of his field-goal attempts. As a college sophomore last year, Bradley banged in 48%, is up to 52% this year, and he once sank 58 consecutive free throws—something that no pro has ever done. Basketball buffs rave about his "great eye" and "touch." But Bradley snorts at the clichés. "You just have to develop self-discipline," he says, "a self-discipline that makes you practice in one spot until you make 25 baskets from that spot, a self-discipline not to go to bed until you've finished an assignment, a self-discipline that makes you get up at 9 a.m. on Sunday and go to church instead of sacking in."

Even as a youngster in Crystal City, Mo. (pop. 4,000), Bradley seemed too good to be true. By the time he started tenth grade, he was already his present height of 6 ft. 5 in. In high school he scored 3,066 points. An honor student, president of the Missouri Association of Student Councils, Bradley sifted through something like 75 college offers, at one point had almost decided on Duke; he even signed a "letter of intent" to accept a scholarship. But then he started rereading college catalogues—and decided that Princeton was



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And so off to the shopping center.

JAMES DRAGO



PRINCETON'S BRADLEY

And then, swish!

brainier. "I don't want to end up as just Old Satin Shorts Bradley," he explained at the time. Duke Coach Vic Bubas only sighs and clutches his chest. "Every time I hear his name, I get a sharp pain right here."

Standing Ovation. No one was more surprised than Princeton. Ivy League colleges give scholarships to athletes only if they are needy as well as muscular. Son of a well-to-do bank president, Bradley did not qualify. So he paid to play, led the Princeton freshmen to a 10-4 season and scored 30.6 points a game. An All-America last year as a sophomore, he averaged 27.3 points a game; the Tigers won the Ivy League title and a berth in the N.C.A.A. playoffs. Against tough St. Joseph's in the playoffs, Bradley was the whole show, picking off rebounds and flicking in baskets with one-handed push shots, graceful hooks and arcing set shots from 20 ft. out. Princeton pulled even, edged ahead. And then, with 3½ min. to play and Princeton leading 77-72, Bradley fouled out—after 40 points and 16 rebounds. That was it. St. Joseph's won in overtime, 82-81. But the evening belonged to Bradley, and the sellout crowd in the Philadelphia Palestra gave him a standing ovation.

With nearly two full seasons of college basketball still ahead of him, Bradley is in no rush to think about playing pro ball—though he admits that the money is "attractive." He first thought of studying for a State Department career, but now has switched to a history major and intends to go on to law school. "I will have to quit playing some day," he says. "I've got to be prepared. That's the problem with professional athletes—they retire at 30 with nothing more than a scrapbook full of clippings. It's hard to live more than half your life on some old pieces of newspaper."

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Born. To Carol Burnett, 28, boisterous beanpole who gained fame on CBS's *Garry Moore Show*, and Joseph Hamilton, 34, its producer: a daughter (Hamilton has eight children by his first wife, whom he divorced in May when he married Miss Burnett); in Manhattan.

Married. Ed Begley, 62, who won a 1962 Academy Award as the raucous Southern political boss in *Sweet Bird of Youth*; and Helen Jordan, 38, his agent's secretary; he for the third time, she for the second; in Las Vegas.

Married. Lewis Bergman ("Bud") Maytag, 75, who inherited a big share of Iowa's washing-machine fortune, but leaves the business to his nephew Fred, devotes himself to golf promotions and his 13,000-acre Alabama quail-shooting preserve; and Elizabeth Walker Carey, 49, former receptionist to Colorado's Governor John A. Love; both for the second time; in Colorado Springs.

Died. Dinah Washington, 39, jazz singer, an ebullient Chicago Negro who in two decades of nightclub and record performances earned up to \$150,000 a year (best-known number: *What a Difference a Day Makes*), and a title from her fans as "Queen of the Blues"; of unknown causes, while watching television with her seventh husband, Detroit Lions' Halfback Dick ("Night Train") Lane; in Detroit.

Died. Cynthia (real name: Elizabeth Pack Broussé), 53, World War II Mata Hari on the Allied side; of cancer; in Castelnau, France (see THE WORLD).

Died. Sarit Thanarat, 55, Thailand's strongman since 1957; of cirrhosis of the liver, complicated by various other ailments; in Bangkok (see THE WORLD).

Died. Perry Gilbert Eddy Miller, 58, professor of American literature at Harvard since 1946, chronicler of American intellectual history; of acute pancreatitis; in Cambridge. Miller's best-known work was *The New England Mind*, in which he scouted the view of the Puritan forefathers as bluenose hypocrites, argued that their reconciliation of religious convictions with separation of church and state became a model for subsequent U.S. development of free education, religious tolerance and economic liberalism.

Died. Erich Ollenauer, 62, chairman of West Germany's Social Democratic Party since 1952, a portly Socialist who spent twelve years in exile during the Nazi dictatorship, returned in 1946 to help rebuild the party under the leadership of fiery Kurt Schumacher, took command after Schumacher's death, and though he attempted to woo the middle-class vote, suffered resounding

defeats at the hand of Konrad Adenauer in the 1953 and 1957 elections, after which he increasingly delegated leadership to younger politicians; of a lung ailment; in Bonn.

Died. Avery Comfort Adams, 65, chairman from 1958 until last May of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., the nation's fourth largest producer (1962 sales: \$790 million), a suave product of Choate and Yale ('20) who served as a top executive in eight other steel companies before taking over as boss of Jones & Laughlin, where he bitterly contested fellow Choate Man John F. Kennedy's 1962 rollback of steel prices, declaring himself an original member of "the S.O.B. Club"; of a heart attack; in Pittsburgh.

Died. Marcelline Hemingway Sanford, 65, Michigan housewife, elder sister (by 1½ years) of Novelist Ernest Hemingway, who was raised as his twin in Oak Park, Ill., by their strong-willed mother (same infant dresses, toy guns, dolls, and grade in school), described it all in a 1961 memoir, *At the Hemingways*; of complications following intestinal surgery; in Grosse Pointe.

Died. Sheikh Mahmood Chaltout, 70, rector of Cairo's 1,000-year-old Al Azhar University, intellectual center of the Moslem world, who since taking over in 1958 doubled university enrollment, stepped up its foreign language program and missionary activities, all the while campaigning unceasingly for greater women's rights ("It is written that women used to argue with the Prophet"); of a heart attack following prostatic surgery; in Cairo.

Died. Theodor Heuss, 79, West Germany's first President (from 1949 to 1959), a courtly, cigar-smoking economist and editor who was forced into virtual house arrest by the Nazis in 1933, emerged after the war to become a leading founder of the business-oriented Free Democratic Party, play a key role in drafting West Germany's postwar constitution, and bring wit and dignity to the ceremonial office of the presidency, in which he was known as "Papa Heuss" for his standing offer to be godfather to the seventh child born in any German family; after a long illness; in Stuttgart.

Died. Frederick Carder, 100, founder (in 1903) and proprietor until 1918 of the Steuben Glass Works in Corning, N.Y., who in the era of Louis Comfort Tiffany developed his own line of gracefully iridescent goblets and urns, was forced to sell his plant due to war shortages to Corning Glass Works but lived to see his early works become collectors' items (rare pieces sell for \$300 to \$1,500); in Corning.

What you don't know about "Full Service" Banks could be costing you money

Recently, a team of researchers knocked on 1700 doors to ask people what they knew about banks. "Full Service" banks, to be exact. Although a large majority of the people in this country use "Full Service" banks, only a small percentage realize the many advantages of "Full Service" banking. The survey turned up many surprising responses.



For example, 43% of the people interviewed did not understand that "Full Service" banks are the *only* places legally able to offer checking accounts. 25% of the people who *had* checking accounts hadn't associated the name "Full Service" with their own bank. And nearly 50% did not think first of a "Full Service" bank when they wanted a home loan, auto loan, business loan, personal loan or any of the other kinds of loans.

In short, many people don't realize that today's "Full Service" banks *delight* in making all kinds of loans—not to mention offering savings ac-

counts and checking accounts and a host of other important services.

Money-wise families borrow from their "Full Service" bank

The people who understand the advantages of giving a "Full Service" bank all their business are generally the ones who are making the most of their money. They've established a good relationship over the years by keeping their checking account and their savings account under one roof. When they needed extra money, they've taken advantage of their "Full Service" bank's quick, *low-cost* loans instead of dipping into their savings. (On a \$2000 loan, for example, they've found they can save as much as \$100 in interest charges.)

In short, they've made a "Full Service" bank their financial headquarters. Maybe they've even made one of the bankers their "financial

partner." These knowledgeable people are first in line to save on loans, request credit information for business moves or major investments, even utilize their banker's professional advice on how to become financially independent some day.

Get your family established with a "Full Service" bank today

Before some researcher (or the wolf) knocks on your door, take a few minutes and look into the advantages of



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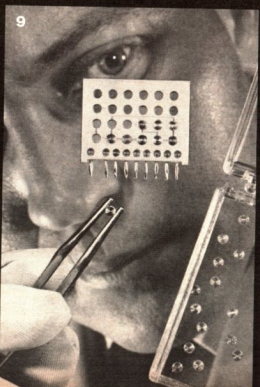
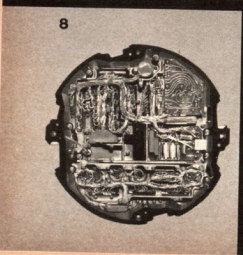
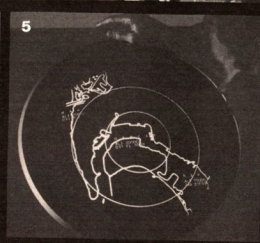
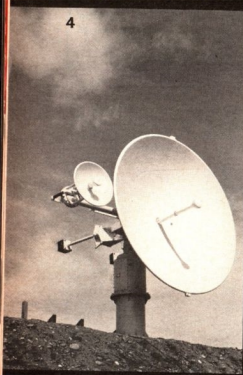
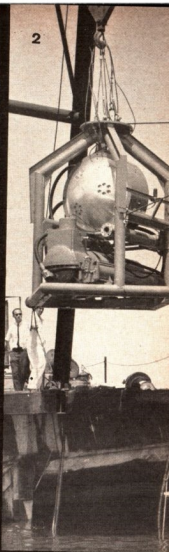
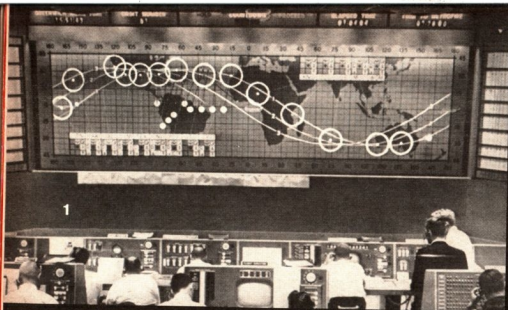


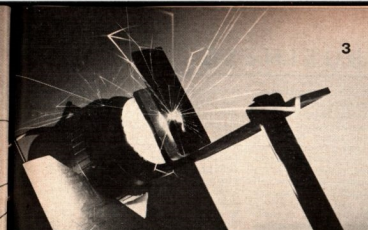
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3

1. Visual display system at Project Mercury Control Center simultaneously shows flight path, capsule environment, and physiological reactions of orbiting astronauts.

2. A six-ton acoustic transducer provides a massive source of underwater sound in anti-submarine warfare studies.

3. A high intensity laser beam cuts through a sheet of steel alloy.

4. One of several types of antennae of the Global Tracking Network (Glotrac) for precision tracking of space vehicles orbiting thousands of miles high.

5. Information from computers, radar and other communication links are displayed instantaneously to show an air traffic controller the identification, changing position, altitude and direction of aircraft in his vicinity.

6. The transistorized "Signette" offers economical, high quality intercom service in homes and small commercial operations.

7. Tiny thermoelectric elements sandwiched between thin metallic sheets convert solar energy into auxiliary power for space vehicles.

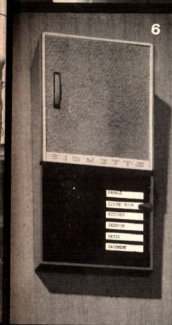
8. An electronic "wheel," interchangeable and easily replaceable, is one of several which make up the guidance system of an air defense missile.

9. Microminiature circuits are built up of semi-conductors in the form of tiny pellets interconnected simultaneously by conducting cement.

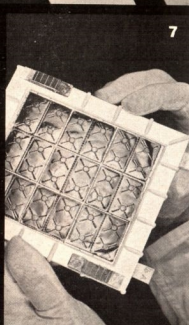
10. Ground hugging flights are made easier by a Terrain Following Radar system which helps guide an aircraft over unknown terrain in zero visibility.

11. The first commercial push-button telephone went into service in mid-1963.

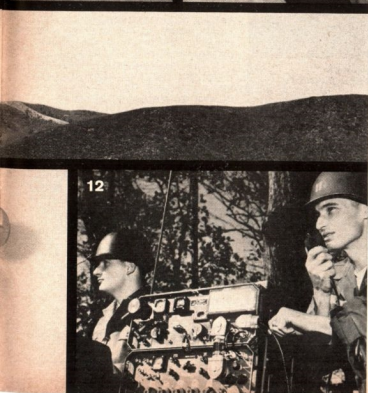
12. A new jeep-carried single-sideband radio is half the size of the set it replaces, but provides ten times the effective signal power, and twice the range.



6



7



12

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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

New Elan in an Old Clan

[See Cover]

For seven generations, one European family has dominated an incredible part of all that money can buy. Its escutcheon—a profusion of noble coronets, intrepid lions and soaring eagles—is carved in stone amidst the proudest vineyards of Bordeaux. On the Continent's most prized race horses, its blue and yellow colors proclaim a devotion to the sport of kings that has produced profit as well as pleasure. From its London and Paris banks, the family's millions have been sent forth to back more than 100 business enterprises on six continents. Some of its stately dwellings are the kind of man-

Egypt's long-lost King Tutankhamen. have supported countless starving artists and endowed many hospitals. To be a Rothschild has usually meant the possession not only of money but of the ability to enjoy it fully; this has resulted in a family trait of diversity. From the fruitful Rothschild family tree, heavy with shrewd financiers, have come half a hundred outstanding legislators, scientists, sportsmen and war heroes—as well as a few playboys. But as many Rothschilds have lived out lives of luxurious ordinariness; the family shrewdness and sophistication has not been evenly distributed.

No modern family—neither the Krupps nor the Philipps nor the Thyssens—has been so important for so long in European business. Newer dy-

as effective powers in European banking. Today, the legend is very much alive—and being added to. Demonstrating the remarkable resiliency and power of survival that have enabled them to survive on their own family talent for two centuries, the Rothschilds are striking out in many new directions behind a silver curtain of discretion.

To make their new thrust even more powerful, the family's two main branches—in Paris and London—are starting to fuse again in a series of ventures, after a separation of more than half a century. Together they have created firms to put up buildings on the Continent, to make industrial loans in the U.S. and to tap the mineral wealth of an area in Canada bigger than England and Wales combined. The two also recently formed a joint company—appropriately called Second Continuation Ltd.—to give the French house a stake in the British bank and enable them jointly to exploit new opportunities on the Continent if and when Britain joins the Common Market. The sums involved are large, but in the contemporary world of great industrial consortiums, Rothschild money is no longer indispensable and controlling; cabinets no longer fall at their whim.

The family's reunion is due partly to the disappearance of an older and stiffer generation, but largely to the smoothing influence of today's most influential member, France's Guy Edouard Alphonse Paul de Rothschild.* It was Guy (hard g as in geese) who, taking over the family's French bank during the disorder of war and defeat, changed its character from stewardship of the family fortune to expansive modern banking. Where the bank's previous aim in this century had been to pursue safe obscurity, under Guy it entered the mainstream of modern business.

A slim, handsome man with heavily lidded blue eyes, Guy, at 54, is every inch a Rothschild. He personifies much of what the family name stands for: a flair for business, a love of sport, a taste for wine, art and conversation. Dressed in the British-style clothes that he prefers (he also speaks perfect English), Guy blends well against many backdrops: he is a friend and confidant of some of France's ranking politicians, raises championship horses, is a good skier and a devoted golfer. With his handsome wife, he is ready to try the latest dances, from the twist to the hully gully. Most of all, he is dedicated to enlarging the fortunes of his bank, de Rothschild Frères (which is known to competitors as *La Grande Dame des Banques Privées*), and to forging the two family branches closer together. Says Guy: "Our relations are confident,

* The French branch of the family pronounces it de Rot-shield; the English branch, de Roth's child.



ELIE, GUY & ALAIN DE ROTHSCHILD AT PARIS HEADQUARTERS
Behind a silver curtain of discretion, the legend is very much alive.

sions that mere San Simeons hoped to imitate, and the family moves comfortably through international society and top-level business circles. This ancient and unusual banking dynasty shields itself from the curious eye of the public, but the map and history of Europe have been changed by its action and etched with its name: the House of Rothschild.

Rothschild gold has powered the ambitions of prime ministers, princes and popes. It has financed wars and reparations treaties, changed the course of politics and bailed out armies and nations. The Rothschilds strung railroads across the Continent, gained control of the Suez Canal for Britain, supported oilfields in the Caucasus and the Sahara, carved diamond mines in the African veld. Seldom unimaginative in the use of their money, they paid for the expedition that exhumed the mummy of

nasties such as the Rockefeller and the Fords have made more millions, but modern standards of wealth do not really measure the Rothschilds. The fortune of the family's financiers totals anywhere from \$500 million to \$1 billion, but ledgers cannot reflect the Rothschild lands, their possessions and influence accumulated over the generations, their priceless collections of art. Though the Rothschilds' fortune has been subdivided more than 100 times over the years, it still seems inexhaustible. The family stands as elegant proof that to be truly rich in Europe is to be richer than anywhere else.

The Second Continuation. The Rothschilds are a legend—and in recent times seemed destined to become a dead one. Hurt by high taxes and soft living, their between-wars generation failed to keep pace with modern banking methods, and the Rothschilds began to slip

cooperative and affectionate. There are going to be more things to do together."

Nepotism, Inc. Guy heads a versatile clan of 75 modern-day Rothschilds who are spreading their talents into finance, industry, arts, science—or are being primed for the future. The job of expanding the family fortunes centers on eight of them. Four—Guy and three of his second cousins—are in the athletic, artistic and imaginative French branch. Four others—generally quieter and younger than their French relatives—are partners in the important but less wealthy British branch. Though separated by the Channel, the two branches keep in close touch through Telex communications, meet each other at board meetings of companies in which both have substantial interests. The leaders:

► **Aloin de Rothschild**, 53, a 25% owner of the French bank, is a yachtman, a conservative pillar of Right Bank society and president of the Paris Jewish Community. He also is the most active of the family in philanthropies.

► **Elie de Rothschild**, 46, also a 25% partner, directs the French bank's ventures in tourism, supervises the money-making Château Lafite vineyards (which Guy and his three French cousins own) and is the family's foremost man-about-town—a polo player and earthy wit in four languages.

► **Edmond de Rothschild**, 37, probably the richest French Rothschild, does not work in the bank but invests his fortune separately. From his late father Maurice, who had an eye for women as well as comely investments, he inherited a sum estimated at from \$50 million to \$500 million. Edmond, a gay blade himself, is married to sometime Cinema Starlet Nadine Tallier.

► **Edmund de Rothschild**, 47, the plump and mustached senior partner in the London bank, is also one of Europe's most accomplished gardeners, invests his weekends tending his rare orchids and rhododendrons in 30 hothouses at his Exbury estate near Southampton.

► **Leopold de Rothschild**, 36, Edmund's brother and partner, is an expert pianist and made a flurry in the tabloids in the late 1940s, when he spent two years in the British service as the "wealthiest able seaman in the navy."

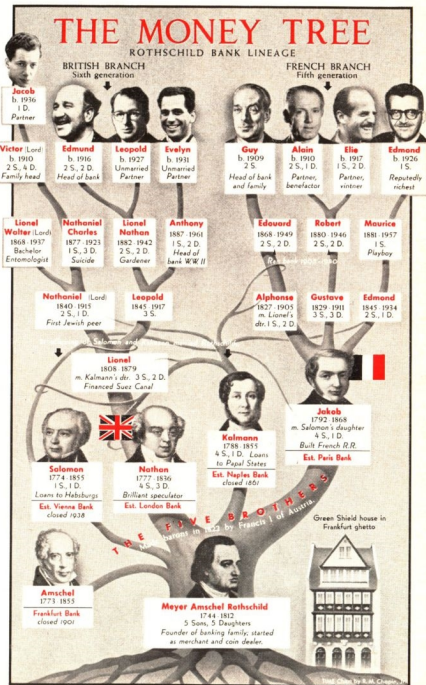
► **Evelyn de Rothschild**, 32, Edmund's lively cousin and another British partner, plays polo against Prince Philip, and is one of Britain's most eligible bachelors.

► **Jacob Rothschild**, also a partner and power traces back 200 years to the Frankfurt ghetto. Merchant Meyer Amschel Rothschild, a small man with a large dream hidden behind his beard and caftan, built up such a lively trade in cloth, commodities and old coins that he was able to branch into the more promising pastime of money-

changing. As he prospered, Meyer moved to the ghetto's five-story "House with the Green Shield" (he had been born in the humbler "Red Shield House" that gave the family its name—*Rothschild*) and sent his bumptious sons off to the financial strongholds of Europe to try their hands at business. Nathan settled in London, Jakob in Paris, Salomon in Vienna, Kalmann in Naples, and Amschel stayed home to help Father. The turning point in Meyer's career came when he ingratiated himself with Prince William of Hesse by selling

him rare coins at a bargain. The prince reciprocated by giving Meyer the job of investing his vast cash reserves.

Prepared for just such an opening, the Rothschilds had created a communications system of fast coaches and a Yiddish-German cipher to link the family diaspora. Meyer sent Prince William's Hessian thalers to London, where Son Nathan's speculations multiplied them and won the family a small fortune and big reputation. When the British asked Nathan to smuggle gold to Wellington's troops trapped in Portugal during the



Napoleonic wars, he shipped the gold straight to France, where Brother Jakob slipped it through the Pyrenees. Nathan found out about Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo before anyone else in Britain, thanks to a courier who sped a Dutch newspaper to him. He used the news to make a killing on the London stock market, where he customarily leaned in stoic solitude against a post that became known as "the Rothschild pillar."

With these triumphs, the Rothschilds earned wide acclaim for shrewdness, reliability and profitability, quickly became lenders to the great. Jakob's loans helped France conquer Algeria. From Vienna, Brother Salomon raised millions for the Habsburgs, who—after some hard prompting at a highly anti-Semitic court—in 1822 rewarded the Rothschilds and all their descendants with the title of baron and their noble coat of arms. From Naples, Brother Kalmann floated huge loans for the Papal States and the King of Naples by placing them with the other Rothschilds.

Supported by his indebted friend Metternich, Salomon won the right to sell lottery bonds to the public in order to build the Austrian Empire's first important railway. Brother Jakob, who had a lease on both the Bourbons and Napoleon III, laid down France's first railways (on which he made a great profit by artificially running up prices of the shares). The British Rothschilds ignored the country's industrial boom, but propped the young government of the U.S. with loans and, in combination with de Rothschild Frères, made loans to Brazil. "Money is the God of our times, and Rothschild is his prophet," sang Heinrich Heine, who marveled at seeing a French borrower tip his hat to the chamber pot of Baron Jakob.



GUY & MARIE HÉLÈNE (CENTER) AT FERRIÈRES PARTY*
Mixing the jet set with people of accomplishment.

Pride & Principle. For the Rothschilds, who still retained some of their Yiddish accents and ghetto ways, money also bought culture, fame and a degree of acceptance. They were celebrated in the writings of Byron and Thackeray; artists such as Ingres painted their women; Balzac and Browning sought out their sumptuous but always kosher tables; Rossini composed music for their parties; Bismarck and British royalty attended them. From Buckinghamshire to Bohemia, the Rothschilds put up marble palaces, acquired vineyards and stables. Breathed Lady Eastlake: "The Médicis were never lodged so in the height of their glory."

For all their wealth and power, the piffling Rothschilds never forgot—or were allowed long to forget—their origins. After King Louis XVIII refused to receive Jakob's wife at court because she was not Christian, Jakob withdrew his support of the Bourbons; he was lucky to get out just before the revolution of 1830 toppled them. Because of Russia's pogroms, the Rothschilds refused to grant loans to the czars. In many ways governments began to feel respect for, or fear of, the Rothschilds. Amschel became treasurer of the German Confederation, and Jakob the Austrian consul in Paris. Nathan's son Lionel was elected to the British House of Commons four times, but four times Parliament refused to seat him because he would not swear a Christian oath. Parliament finally gave in, and Lionel sat from 1858 to 1874.

When the khedive of Egypt in 1875 put his Suez Canal shares on the market, Britain needed \$19 million to outbid other countries. Lionel de Rothschild, sucking on a grape, casually agreed to get the money for his friend Dizzy (Disraeli)—at only 3% interest. The Rothschilds helped to bankroll

the empire-building exploits of Cecil Rhodes, and took home a large bundle of stock in the De Beers diamond and gold trust.

The Sterile Years. World War I, and the era of nervous money and raging nationalism that followed, brought the end to an expansive time for the Rothschilds. Stringent national tax systems ended their practice of keeping a single set of books, and the various branches drifted apart. Death duties sucked millions from their British fortune, and publicly owned banks grew up everywhere to sap their power. In France, the Rothschilds' railroads were taken over by the government. The German and Italian branches of the family had already died out for lack of male heirs. The tired old Rothschilds conspicuously failed to exploit opportunities in the U.S., and thereby missed the greatest industrial expansion in history.

One day in 1938, while Nazi troops stood over him with guns, Vienna's Baron Louis de Rothschild calmly finished his lunch, dabbed his fingers in a finger bowl, smoked a cigarette, approved the next day's menu—and then was marched off to prison. A year later, after Heinrich Himmler visited his cell, his freedom was bought in return for all the assets of the Austrian branch in Austria and abroad, and Louis found refuge in Vermont; the Austrian house never revived.† After Paris was occupied, the

* Left: Jacqueline Vicomtesse de Ribes. Right: Audrey Hepburn, Premier Georges Pompidou.

† Louis died in 1955. Three Rothschilds now reside in the U.S. Guy's sister Jacqueline, 52, lives in Los Angeles and is the wife of Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky. A sister of Lord Rothschild, jazz-loving Nica de Koenigsma, 50, lives in New Jersey, and the last surviving member of the Austrian branch, Eugene de Rothschild, 79, divides his time between estates on Long Island and in Europe.



PAULINE & PHILIPPE AT CHÂTEAU MOUTON
Fighting for oenological equality.

Rothschilds were forced to sell most of their French stocks on an already depressed market, and the Nazis carted off trainloads of priceless Rothschild objects. By 1940, when all the other French banking Rothschilds had fled or been captured, only the eldest son was left to salvage what he could. Says Guy de Rothschild: "From that date, I took over the bank."

Fresh Face. European historians reason that every Rothschild at birth is already 150 years old, and worth several millions. From his earliest years, Guy was imbued with a sense of family loyalty and duty, heard his mother lecture: "Don't flaunt your wealth." Four of Guy's great grandparents were Rothschilds, a result of the fact that half of the family's 59 weddings in the 19th century twined Rothschild men (and money) with Rothschild women. Guy entered the bank after studying law, then got called off to war. He was one of only three out of 26 officers in his mechanized cavalry unit who survived to be evacuated from Dunkirk; he went right back to France, was captured by the Germans but later escaped.

Under Vichy's puppets, Guy moved with the bank's offices to the south of France, where a small staff kept it going, then fled to the U.S., where he reassembled some more of the family assets. In 1943 Guy set out for England. His ship was torpedoed in mid-Atlantic, and he was rescued after sloshing around on a raft for seven hours. In England he joined the Free French as a captain.

With peace, Guy and Cousins Alain and Elie set out to put a fresh face on the aged *Grande Dame* of Paris banks. To keep the books, the young trio brought in machines to replace the old men with scratch pens. They sought out new banking customers as their more conservative fathers never would have done, and launched new companies to share in Europe's postwar boom. When Guy & Co. formed a consortium to explore for oil in the Sahara, the Rothschild name added glamour to the venture, and the entire stock issue was snapped up within hours.

With help from the World Bank, de Rothschild Frères created another consortium that has put up \$166 million to exhume a rich iron lode in Mauritania. Among other companies that the Rothschilds control, *Peñarroya* in Chile mines 7% of the free world's lead, and *Le Nickel* in New Caledonia produces 10% of the world's nickel. Under Guy, the Rothschilds have also built France's biggest private uranium mining company, which supplies some of the raw material for *De Gaulle's force de frappe*. And it was de Rothschild Frères that drafted the plan for financing the Channel tunnel that will connect France with Britain.

Allying with fun-loving Cousin Edmond, the banking Rothschilds have also got into the tourist boom. They hold the largest single share in a new

company that is erecting ski resorts in the Alps, building bungalow villages in Majorca, investigating sites for motels near the new Mont Blanc tunnel. From the U.S.'s Restaurant Associates, Cousin Elie recently bought an interest in France's largest casino, at *Divonne-les-Bains*. Cousin Edmond himself has poured \$5,000,000 into France's plush Alpine resort at *Mégève*, has large shares in a European travel club (100,000 members and 17 vacation villages), and has helped finance hotels for *Pan Am's Intercontinental Hotels Corp.* Besides his controlling or significant interests in two dozen other enterprises—the biggest machine-tool company in Brazil, supermarkets and mutual funds in Europe, a pipeline from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean—Edmond is a part-

Newfoundland. Next spring the British Newfoundland Corp., with both the British and the French Rothschilds represented, will begin a \$1 billion, seven-year job to dam Hamilton Falls and harness its 6,000,000 h.p. It will be the world's biggest hydroelectric development, and Sir Winston Churchill has called the whole project "a grand imperial concept."

World Network. Rather than run companies by themselves, the Rothschilds often prefer to start or join syndicates, placing their men on boards to exert maximum influence with minimum investment risk. The partners regularly hop across continents to keep an eye on managements (Edmund visits Canada half a dozen times yearly), and a far spreading network of agents, who



THE GROUNDS AT FERRIÈRES
Reaching back to Byron, Balzac and Bismarck.

ner with the British Rothschilds in building both economy and luxury (up to \$90 per day for a couple) resorts in Israel.

Most Secretive. In London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons is constructing a new, six-story headquarters in the City to symbolize its revival. It continues to be Britain's most secretive bank, but it is getting a little less so. To lure fresh talent and provide for its expanding services, the bank has admitted three non-Rothschilds as partners (the family still controls with four partners). The British Rothschilds, who still are the world's most important bullion dealers, have started a factoring company, an investment advisory service and two mutual funds, are participating in a consortium to underwrite pay TV and in a group of Europe's gilt-edge banks called *Euro-syndicat*, which was organized to seize opportunities in the Common Market.

In their most ambitious project, the British Rothschilds put together a consortium to tap the timber, minerals and hydro power of a 53,000-sq.-mi. area in

selo even admit that they are employed by the Rothschilds, report constantly on fresh opportunities. Rarely does this discreet family exercise its powers to reorganize companies or juggle managements. Says Guy: "The French don't like violent reshufflings, outside of politics that is. It's not good form."

Beyond the companies that they dominate or influence, the Rothschilds have holdings in more than 100 blue chips, including Royal Dutch/Shell, De Beers, Michelin, Rio Tinto, IBM. The French branch's string-tied bundles of stock fill an ancient five-story bank vault whose keyholes are hidden behind brass lion-heads. In the buff sandstone building at 21 Rue Lafitte that has been home to de Rothschild Frères since 1817, muttonchop-whiskered family ancients line the walls in oil and marble, and ushers wearing black swallow-tailed coats attend the customers, while 300 employees quietly work. Guy de Rothschild occupies a small, white-painted office, which has on display a pastel of Grand-

father Alphonse and the signatures of Meyer's five sons.

Writer & Angel. Many Rothschilds have flashed their wings outside these venerable surroundings. Versatile Philippe de Rothschild, 61, another of Guy's cousins, is a vintner, writer, and angel to assorted arts, leading a life as carefully modulated as a string quartet. He is the official French translator of British playwright Christopher (The Lady's Not for Burning) Fry, and with his wife Pauline is translating into French the Elizabethan poems of Herbert. Herrick, Wyatt, Drayton and Sir Philip Sidney. His daughter Philippine, 28, is an actress on the French stage, and his niece Nicole, 39, produces films. In Israel, Guy's sister Bethsabée, 49,

the accumulations of Egyptian sculpture, Louis XV and XVI furniture, Sèvres porcelain, 16th century enamelware, and wall upon wall of Goyas, Rubenses, Watteaus and Fragonards. When Philippe and Pauline have tea, their dog Bicouille is sometimes served a snack off an aluminum dish placed upon a napkin spread over their expensive rugs. Says Pauline: "We are fortunate, of course, in that we can take ten or twelve servants when we travel, and thus can have things done the way we like them wherever we are."

Inside a Magnum. Guy was raised in a mansion that once was Talleyrand's and later became European headquarters for the Marshall Plan. Today, in an 18th century town house that once

of an international society that mixes people of achievement with outsiders of the jet set. Guests have included French Premier Georges Pompidou (who was director general of de Rothschild Frères under his good friend Guy until 1962), former Premier Michel Debré, Prince Sadruddin Khan, Artur Rubinstein, the Charles Wrightsmans of Palm Beach and Porfirio Rubirosa.

Friendly Rivals. On the great marshy peninsula of Médoc, the celebrated vines that grow over 200 chalky acres of Château Lafite-Rothschild produce a *grand cru* that is the pride of Guy, Elie, Alain and Edmond. Next door, at his Château Mouton Rothschild, Philippe wages a battle for oenological equality with his fond cousins and competitors, trying to persuade the French government's wine agency to revise its official 1855 wine classification, which listed Mouton slightly below Lafite. Philippe has commissioned, among others, Cocteau, Braque, Dali and Lippold to design labels for his Mouton Rothschild.

Another after-hours Rothschild passion is raising and racing horses. Britain's Evelyn and France's Edmond both breed horses on their estates. So famous are Guy's stables at Chantilly and his Deauville stud farms that during the war the Nazis delighted in crossing seized Rothschild mares with German stallions. Now Guy directs all the breeding: "I enjoy making up my mind for the matings, and then seeing the babies." His most successful match produced Exbury, winner of all five races he was entered in this year, including the world's richest cup, the Prix de l'Arc (\$197,000). Figuring that Exbury could not top that record, Guy retired him, and the horse henceforth will earn \$240,000 a year at stud—accommodating up to 40 mares a year at \$6,000 per service.

The Constant Thread. Horses, wines and mansions all illumine the Rothschild tapestry, but the golden thread that holds it together is the family's fierce spirit of continuity. Partly a matter of finely sharpened instinct, this spirit is passed to the young Rothschilds through years of competition on the playing fields, in the best *écoles* and in the family banks, and through tales of their ancestors' exploits. (So large and complex is the family story that French Historian Bertrand Gille has been working on one version of it for ten years, estimates that he has five more years of work ahead.) Today the thread continues through a dozen Rothschild boys and young men, including Baron Guy's sons Edouard, 6, and David, 21. Handsome, athletic and a serious law student, David plans to enter the family bank.

The Rothschilds live in an era that does not allow them to wield the power that they once did. But at least they now once again live with their times. And to face the future, they have one advantage from the past, the Rothschild legend—in itself a very bankable asset.



GUY WITH EXBURY
Profit as well as pleasure.

has set up a crafts industry for refugees, is the prime financial force behind the Martha Graham dance troupe.

Large and jolly Victor Lord Rothschild, 53, the titular head of the British family, is a Cambridge don who has made a mark as philanthropist, scientist and Labor peer, is also chairman of Shell Research. An expert on fertilization, he once astonished BBC-TV viewers by bringing before the cameras an enormous model of a human sperm. (His daughter Emma, 15, this year became the youngest woman ever admitted to Cambridge.) Like many Rothschild men and women who have made a tradition of volunteering for hazardous duty in wars from 1870 onward, he has several medals from his wartime post as a colonel in countersabotage.

Almost every French Rothschild lives surrounded by a museumlike collection of priceless paintings, period furniture, irreplaceable tapestries. Drawing only from Rothschild collections, Sotheby's or Parke-Bernet could hold an auction every week for a year—and each sale would make news. Curators of the Louvre and the Met can only drool at

belonged to a niece of Napoleon, he lives with his auburn-haired second wife Marie Hélène, 32. (When he left his first wife for Catholic Marie Hélène seven years ago, Guy became the first head of a Rothschild house ever to marry a Christian, had to resign the presidency of France's Jewish Community in the ensuing *scandale*.) The walls of their house are lined with paintings by Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Ingres and Boucher, some displayed in a strawberry-red salon that gives a visitor the impression of being inside a magnum of Château Lafite.

On weekends Guy and Marie Hélène drive in the Mercedes or the Bentley to their 9,000-acre estate at Ferrières, 19 miles east of Paris, where high, sculptured ceilings brood over a splendor of blue marble columns, blackamoor statuary, yellow silk furniture, and sepia photographs of ancestors. Every other weekend there is a golf match or a shoot in woods that have recently been restocked with pheasant. The parties at Ferrières, which once aided Kaiser Wilhelm, now hum to brittle conversation and shine with the high fashion



IT'S GETTING THE SEASON when folks in Jack Daniel's Hollow most like to sit around and tell stories, especially on one another.

The stove in Jack Daniel's old office draws a lot of story-tellers this time of year. They like to tell about such things as when someone's prize foxhound treed a screech owl. But before long, one of the old-timers will start talking about Jack Daniel. That generally brings up what he said about making whiskey and how all the Motlows since have held to his word. And, as you can imagine, that's no joking matter.



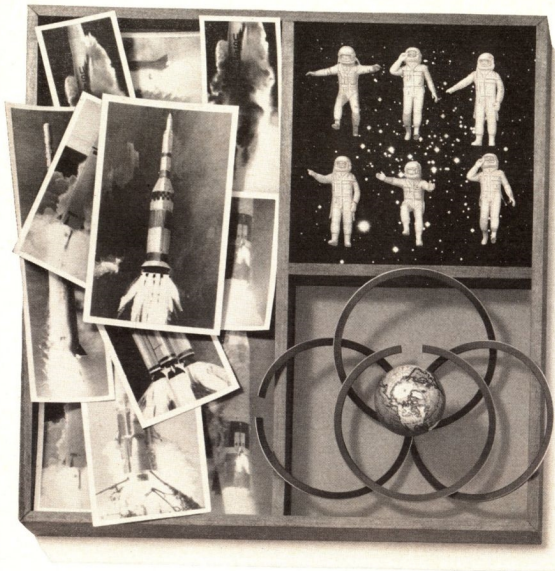
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THOMPSON RAMO WOOLDRIDGE INC.

U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Now There Are Four

In South Bend, on a cold grey day with gently descending snow, workers poured from the plant in shock and anger. In Hamilton, Ont., the news was greeted with elation, and men quickly lined up to apply for jobs. Across the U.S., 1,900 dealers sat in their showrooms and forlornly surveyed an uncertain future. In a move long expected but nonetheless shocking when it came, Studebaker Corp. announced that it was dropping auto production in the U.S.—111 years after its founding as a carriage maker and 61 since it turned out its first auto. The company insisted that it will continue to produce autos in its Canadian plant for the U.S. market, but hardly anyone took Studebaker's small future in autos too seriously.

Since the first auto was produced in 1893, some 1,850 U.S. auto firms have gone out of business, two of them (Packard and Kaiser) since World War II. Studebaker's departure from fifth place leaves the U.S. with only four major auto producers. "We were being bled to death," said Studebaker Chairman Randolph Guthrie, a partner in the Wall Street law firm that Richard Nixon recently joined. Guthrie has his own explanation for why Studebaker flopped in one of history's best auto years. "The reason," he says, "is that everyone thought that Studebaker was going out of business."

Unhappy Event. Though anticipated, Studebaker's decision was an unhappy event for many. More than 7,000 men and women will lose their jobs in Studebaker's 6,000,000-sq.-ft. South Bend plant. Part of the engineering and design staffs will move to Hamilton, and only 900 production workers will be kept on in South Bend to produce some

of the parts for the Canadian assembly plant. Realizing that Studebaker's future was precarious, the city of South Bend has been diversifying its industrial base for several years to cushion the shock; Studebaker has recently accounted for only 3% of the city's total payroll. Still, that payroll amounted to some \$600,000 a week, and its loss will be intensified by thousands of job-searching workers joining the unemployment rolls.

Studebaker's dealers had no such cushion. With the high-priced Avanti sports car, the medium-priced Hawk and all commercial trucks discontinued, they can still sell the low-priced Studebaker sedans that will be made in Hamilton. But business has been so bad recently that it could hardly get worse after last week's announcement.

Caring for "Orphans." One problem for the dealers is the 22,500 Studebakers in stock. An auto-buying public is understandably reluctant to buy what the trade calls "orphans" (like the discontinued Edsel). Studebaker has attempted to get around this by promising that parts will be available for all its present models. Even so, prices of the remaining autos will almost certainly have to be slashed to attract buyers. Studebaker has tried to escape the anger of its dealers by continuing the Ontario operation and thus technically fulfilling its contract to supply its dealers with autos.

Such considerations aside, Detroit is skeptical about Studebaker's ability to maintain a toehold in the U.S. through its Ontario subsidiary, which is headed by Gordon E. Grundy, president of Studebaker of Canada. Studebaker talks about making 30,000 to 40,000 units annually in Hamilton, but its Canadian market is only about 8,000 cars (the Hamilton plant is now turning out only 48 cars a day), and cars that did not sell well in the U.S. are not likely to improve their sales appeal by crossing the border. Studebaker will continue to be the American sales agent for Mercedes-Benz, which President Byers Burlingame and other top executives drive instead of Studebakers—to the astonishment of Detroit's brand-loyal executives.

Profit Motive. What happened to Studebaker? South Bend was too remote from Detroit to enable the company to move quickly with all the industry's new trends, and Studebaker's ancient plant there was hopelessly inefficient. The company's dealer organization was too small, haphazard and ineffectual. Efforts to revitalize the company were snarled by lack of cash and a series of incredible production snafus. In the past five years, Studebaker has lost at least \$40 million in automaking; this year, despite the introduction of pleasantly restyled 1964 models, sales for the first eleven months fell to 59,742 cars. Last month Studebaker's directors fired President Sherwood Egbert, who insisted on staying in auto production, to clear the way for



BURLINGAME, GRUNDY & GUTHRIE
But by no means out of business.

getting out of the auto business; in his place they put Burlingame, 63, a financial man, with orders to stem the losses.

Studebaker may be largely out of autos, but it is by no means out of business. Under Egbert's direction, Studebaker picked up so many new companies (appliances, chemicals, superchargers) that half of its \$400 million sales this year came from nonautomotive divisions. These divisions earned \$12 million—though the company will end the year heavily in the red because of auto losses and the cost of closing the South Bend plant. Freed from its auto losses and armed with a healthy tax write-off, Studebaker says that it expects to make an overall profit next year.

RAILROADS

Tracks Coming Together

Railroads no longer grow by stretching new lines of track—they simply merge. Last week the U.S. got two new, big rail systems by merger. The Supreme Court gave final affirmation to a union of the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Baltimore & Ohio, which together will form an 11,000-mile system stretching through the East and Midwest. A few days later, the Interstate Commerce Commission approved plans for the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard Railroad, long fierce rivals, to join. The 12,300-mile linkup, stretching through the Southeast from Florida to Virginia, will make the new road the second longest in the U.S. (after the Santa Fe's 12,900 miles).

Principally responsible for the B. & O.-C. & O. merger is C. & O. President Walter Tuohy, who this week also becomes chairman of the B. & O. Tuohy, 62, an elfin onetime coal salesman who outmaneuvered New York Central President Alfred Perlman in persuading B. & O. stockholders to join



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with him instead of Central, plans to save \$50 million annually by integrating operations. Seaboard President John W. Smith will run the new Seaboard Coast-line Railroad, which hopes ultimately to save \$38 million yearly, partly by eliminating 4,200 jobs along its frequently overlapping routes.

CORPORATIONS

Action in Idaho

The bustling pace of 20th century business often slows to a pleasant walk in Idaho. In the state's sylvan surroundings, many businessmen duck-hunt before work, water-ski after work, and fret less about growth charts than about the potato crop. It seems an unlikely setting for a modern, aggressive company. But that is just what Idaho has in the Boise Cascade Corp., which has grown in only six years into a major enterprise and a magnet for Eastern-trained executives.

Born from the merger of three sleepy sawmill companies, Boise Cascade is now a diversified producer of paper, lumber and building materials, with mills, factories and retail stores in eight Western states. Its sales (\$175 million in 1962) will rise above \$200 million this year, despite intense competition, erratic prices and the overcapacity of the U.S. lumber industry. Last week, having completed negotiations, it was hoping for the Federal Trade Commission's approval to buy Crown Zellerbach's St. Helena Pulp & Paper Co. in Oregon. It is also looking for new properties in the South, has taken over operation of a Guatemala paper mill in its first move abroad. In a deliberate reach eastward, it recently bought a Chicago envelope company and opened a new container plant in Kansas City.

Up from Sawdust. Behind Boise Cascade's swift success is its president, Robert V. Hansberger, 43, a balding, farm-born graduate of the University of Minnesota and Harvard Business School ('47). Hansberger, who looks a little like Yul Brynner, was summoned to rescue struggling Boise Cascade in 1957 on the strength of his success in setting up and profitably running his own small paper mill in Oregon. With sales of \$53 million, Boise Cascade was then too small to build a pulp plant to utilize the waste wood chips and sawdust that it was simply burning up. Hansberger merged with two competitors in similar straits, thus gaining the size and stature to borrow \$20 million to build a pulp mill and two box plants close to the Northwest apple, pea and potato growers who were ready carton customers.

Hansberger kept the company healthy by merging selectively, by persuading bankers to lend him huge sums ("We've just never been turned down when we wanted to borrow," he says), and, most importantly, by luring a small army of dedicated business school graduates to Idaho. Fourteen Harvard men have followed Hansberger westward, including



DUANE GARRETT

BOISE CASCADE'S HANSBERGER
A new course from Harvard.

five this year; one recent recruit is Charles Tillinghast III, son of the president of Trans World Airlines. Working hard, the young men have revitalized the company with selling flair and bright ideas, have cracked their way into markets once considered unattainable.

Turndown. A calm and casual executive, Hansberger invests half his time in flying visits to company offices, spends Saturday mornings with his staff in the main office "to do all the weighty philosophizing that you can get done when the phone isn't ringing." Along with other company executives, he dabbles in Idaho Republicanism, puts himself "somewhere between Goldwater and Rockefeller, but probably on the liberal side." He turned down an offer to run for the U.S. Senate last year "because the company wasn't quite mature enough to leave alone then." Idahoans suspect that his high ambitions will in time tempt him out onto the stump.

MERCHANDISING

The Name Industry

The deluge of advertising that floods the mails—and never seems so insistent as during the holiday season—sometimes infuriates by its bulk as much as it influences by its appeal. Each year the public is hit by an onslaught of 48 billion direct-mail ads, and the business of compiling mailing lists has become a highly automated industry made up of dozens of firms that spare no effort to capture another name. This year they will gross close to \$1 billion renting names and addresses to anyone who has anything to sell. Lists can be rented with the names of 221,782 doctors, 2,476 patent lawyers, 18 safety-pin makers, 41 zoos, Cadillac owners and every American named Murphy (50,000). On the average, each mailing nets less than a 2% response, but that is enough to produce \$30 billion in mail sales.

Virtually every adult American can figure that he is on at least 20 different lists, from mail-order houses to the

phone company. The cycle starts before birth, when more aggressive members of the industry pay off hospital personnel for the names of expectant mothers that they can sell to diaper-service companies and baby photographers. The child joins a list in his own right the first time he sends in a cereal box top, makes it again at high-school graduation when his name is gleaned from a yearbook or supplied by a cap-and-gown manufacturer. From then on, every time he registers his car, makes the telephone directory, buys a home, rents an apartment, joins a book club, contributes to a charity, shops by mail or takes out a credit card, his name is apt to be noted by some listmaker. No matter how much he may regret it, his name is a marketable commodity, rented for 2¢ to 3¢ each time it is used.

Tidy Income. Companies that accumulate lists fall into two clear-cut categories. One is made up of firms that produce lists as a by-product of their regular business—magazines, gift houses, professional associations, book and record clubs, credit-card firms, charities. They make a tidy side income (as much as \$250,000 a year for an active list of 1,000,000 names) by renting them out through some 30 U.S. list brokers. Industry sources estimate that the Diners Club makes more than \$350,000 a year circulating its members' names.

In the other category are firms that diligently compile lists to rent. The largest by far is Detroit's R. L. Polk & Co., which can supply up to 120 million names broken down into hundreds of categories. Polk works mostly from names it collects from state automobile registration certificates, can supply addresses of all Ford owners in Texas, including those who have bought a car within 40 days. Reuben H. Donnelley Corp. also works with auto registrations, in addition has a list of 55 million addresses without names, making possible broadside mailings to just about every "Occupant" in well-populated areas.

Drawing the Line. Manhattan's O. E. McIntyre and the Mail Advertising Corp. of America in Lincoln, Neb., cull names from the 5,000 phone books in the U.S. Like the other big list compilers, they match the names by computer with data from the Census Bureau so that they can break down neighborhoods by average income, price of homes, likely number of children, education levels. Most responsive to mailing-list pitches: families with fathers earning from \$6,000 to \$9,000 in the West and Southwest. Whirring computers can sort out remarkable detail, so that American Motors dealers, for example, can mail to everyone living near a new Rambler buyer and ask him: "Did you notice your neighbor's new car?" The big listmakers draw the line at some requests. McIntyre refused to consider an offer from an Australian bachelor for the names of U.S. widows worth \$1,000,000 or more.

PERSONALITIES

THOUGH scholarly Chairman William L. Cary, 53, hardly seems the reformer type, the Securities and Exchange Commission has not been so active since its founding days in the turbulent early 1930s. Since taking leave from his post as a Columbia University law professor in 1961, Cary has prodded the American Stock Exchange into overdue reforms, presided over the most sweeping investigation of Wall Street in 30 years. His judicious handling of the inquiry has made the SEC Washington's most respected regulatory agency—a reputation that does not hurt in Cary's current effort to shepherd through Congress the SEC's 3,000-page report calling for a thorough overhaul of the nation's securities markets. Publicity-shunning Cary's modest manner belies an inner toughness. A Marine major with the OSS in Yugoslavia during World War II, Cary once produced only a few wilted flowers for decorations at a dinner that his commanding officer was giving for Tito. Dressed down by his C.O., Cary snapped: "I'm no damned pussy picker." He still isn't.



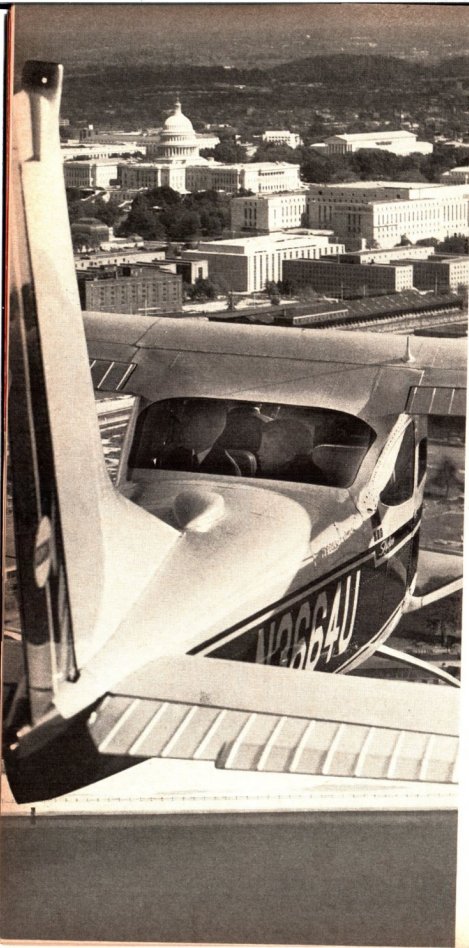
WALTER BENNETT



ART GRAY

SEARLE

HIS physician father never really wanted to run the family drug firm, but John G. Searle, 62, the third-generation president of G. D. Searle & Co., enjoys the job. Searle started at twelve as a summertime tablet mixer, became the \$35-a-week treasurer of the small firm after graduating in pharmacy from the University of Michigan. When he took over as president in 1936, he prescribed a strong tonic to make the Skokie, Ill., company grow. He trimmed its product line from 800 to 16 quality items. The list has since grown to 30, and now includes Enovid, a contraceptive pill whose booming international sales have also boosted the sale of other Searle products. Last year the company earned \$13.8 million on sales of \$56 million; it now sells in 100 countries. Last week stockholders approved the third stock split in 13 years, making a share that sold for \$38 in 1950 worth \$1,080 today. President Searle still likes to be called "Jack" by his employees; lunchtime finds him in shirtsleeves taking his place in the company's cafeteria line.



Mr. Smith go t



**A surprise business trip
turns into an adventure worth
writing themes about.**

At last the principals of the Cleveland law firm I'm with have started assigning me a lot of the top accounts. The only trouble is that those cases always seem to require traveling. And man—last week's trip was nearly the last straw for my wife. I had just returned from a trip to New York, not getting home until nine Saturday evening, and found a message to call my boss. I called immediately, and when I came out of my study my wife had fire in her eyes.

"I guess that means you're working tomorrow?"

"For a while," I said. "I have to go over some things with Phil because—"

"You promised to spend the whole day with the boys. Remember?"

"I know, Shirley. But I have to go to Washington Monday, and I thought—"

"Washington!"

She really let me have it then. But finally I managed to explain that I intended to take the boys with me. Part of

& Sons Washington



the news Phil gave me on the phone was that we had just bought a new Cessna Skylane. (With so many of us traveling and able to fly—two of us are ex-military pilots and three are learning to fly now—it'll more than pay for itself.) So since we could make the trip in one day and it wouldn't cost any more, I planned to take the boys with me.

"Phil's even going to arrange a lunch date for us with the Senator," I said to my sheepishly smiling wife.

It really was an enjoyable trip. Shirley got the boys excused from school, and we took off Monday morning at eight. When we got to altitude I let each of the boys fly the plane a little, and you can imagine how that thrilled them. The 350 miles took only 2¼ hours, so we had time for some sight-seeing before we met the Senator for lunch. (The boys really got a kick out of the train from the Senate to the restaurant, but they acted like perfect gentlemen. And Bobby was careful not to let the Senator hear when he whispered to me that he didn't like the bean soup.) After lunch I left the boys in the gallery of the Senate where they heard our Senator introduce a bill, and I made my business calls to the NLRB and to the

Congressional Library. At three-thirty I picked them up. We took off at four—and by seven-thirty we were sitting down to dinner with Shirley!

By the way, both boys wrote themes about the trip, for which they got "A's." Mark, the older, entitled his: *Our Business Trip to Washington*. Bobby called his: *What It's Like to be a VIP*.

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CESSNA

THE THEATER

Disaster Area

The *Girl Who Came to Supper* will make the average theatrical gourmet yearn for the company of the late Monty Woolley. Even in his grave, George S. Kaufman could think up funnier lines than Harry Kurnitz has been able to concoct for this musical adaptation of Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*. And Noel Coward could have given *Supper* some Noel Coward songs, instead of the badly toasted marshmelodies he actually provided for it. This part of Broadway can legitimately be



TESSIE O'SHEA IN "SUPPER"
An authentic yawn-stifter.

declared a disaster area, except for those involuntary rescue squads, the theater parties, which will keep the show green for a while with money.

Supper turns the musical-comedy clock back to operetta, costumed in *My Fair Lady* style and set in London, where a royal delegation has arrived from the mythical kingdom of Carpathia for the coronation of George V. José Ferrer is a middle-aging, sleep-around prince, though he acts more like a wooden horse. His fancy, his fury, and his fate is to seduce a visiting American showgirl (Florence Henderson), a sunny birdbrain incubated in Wisconsin. Between Ferrer's dead-pained expression and Henderson's unvaryingly cheery smile, the pair manage to drive away all thoughts of sex and romance.

There is one authentic yawn stifler in *Supper*, an inspired import from the British music halls named Tessie O'Shea. The O'Shea is fat and sassy, swoops about like a bat on a binge, and pitches irresistibly into a medley of cockney nostalgia, as in *Don't Take Our Charlie for the Army*. Tessie O'Shea has no relation whatever to the plot of *The Girl Who Came to Supper*. Lucky lady.

BOOKS

Russia's Writers:

After Silence, Human Voices

Probably the most startling book to come out of Russia in recent years was Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. In massively compelling detail, it described the blighted existence of a prisoner in one of Stalin's detention camps at a time when the Soviet government had barely got around to admitting their existence. But Solzhenitsyn had spent eight years in just such a camp. And a question arose—was it impressive merely because it was autobiographically true? Now Solzhenitsyn's second book—a pair of short novels—has appeared. Even in a translation that is stolidly wooden, *"We Never Make Mistakes"*



SOLZHENITSYN

The whole system challenged.

(University of South Carolina) demonstrates that Solzhenitsyn is not only politically courageous but also a writer of stature by any standard.

This time Solzhenitsyn's subjects are far less provocative—the life and death of an old peasant woman existing on the fringes of Soviet society; an incident between two soldiers in wartime. But in each, not so much from easy political resentment as from a profound accumulation of sorrow, Solzhenitsyn asks questions that challenge the validity of the whole Soviet system.

Reverse Hero. The hero of the first story is a lonely, goodhearted, unworldly army officer who has been stuck in a job as a traffic-control boss at a rail junction behind the receding Russian front in the fall of 1941. Lieut. Zotov exudes an innocent revolutionary zeal that clearly has no place in the cynical power structure of the Soviet

world. In the '30s, when he volunteered to go to Spain, the authorities regarded him as some kind of nut and sent him back to the university. He is troubled because the war is not following the victorious blueprint that Joseph Stalin always said it would. His only solace is reading *Das Kapital*. "The worse the news from the war became," writes Solzhenitsyn, "the more he buried himself in this thick blue book."

Zotov is the precise reverse of the old cast-iron, pure-in-word-and-deed Soviet literary hero whom he outwardly resembles. His scruples about profiting from his command position at the railroad, his diffidence about sex, his devotion to duty are presented not as Soviet virtues grafted on him by the state but as signs of an inner innocence that is doomed to disillusion. The moment comes when Zotov is confronted by a "straggler"—one of the thousands of Russian soldiers who had been separated from their outfits in the confusion as the Germans advanced. Zotov is drawn to the man. He talks to him about his own life in Moscow, about the straggler's wife and children. Then, on the slightest possible evidence, he has to betray his new friend as a suspect spy. Vaguely, but with deep melancholy, Zotov begins to feel a sense of personal guilt, to comprehend the impossible strain that the Soviet regime has placed upon all human relationships.

The Righteous One. Like Solzhenitsyn himself, the narrator of the second story is a former political prisoner and teacher who "wanted to cut myself loose and get lost in the innermost heart of Russia—if there were any such thing." He finds a village and an old woman named Matryona. Slowly sketching her life, Solzhenitsyn presents her as a symbol of ancient Russia, oppressed by czars and commissars alike, but still waiting for fulfillment. "She was considered 'odd' by her sisters," he concludes, "a laughingstock who was so stupid as to work for others without pay. She never accumulated property against the time of her death. A dirty white goat, a crippled cat, and rubber plants were her only possessions. . . . We all lived beside her and never understood that she was that righteous one without whom, according to the proverb, no village can stand. Nor any city. Nor our whole land."

Solzhenitsyn is 45, a schoolteacher, and reported to be suffering from cancer. He is likely to raise a towering voice in the strange and still tormented world of Soviet letters—if he lives and if he is allowed to write. *Matryona's House* was attacked in Russia on the ground that it suggests the revolution has failed to improve the lot of the peasantry.

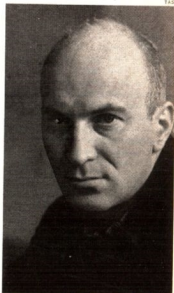
Unseen Spots. This is light treatment, even in the current cultural "thaw" on which Nikita Khrushchev



AKSEKOV

The bearded disarmed.

seems to blow now hot, now cold. Other writers have fared much worse—or feared to try publishing at all. *The Trial Begins*, a brilliant satiric fantasy that treats life among party members as a grotesque nightmare of greed and hypocrisy, had to be smuggled out of Russia and printed under the assumed name of Abram Tertz. No one yet knows who the real author is. Soviet Writer Valery Tarsis, in *The Bluebottle* (Knopf), cavalierly compared the attitude of officials liquidating citizens to that of a man swatting flies—and was promptly sent to an insane asylum. Others have been dispatched to the hinterlands for



KAZAKOV

Trained bears turned loose.

stretches of forced "vacation" or sent into factories as workers to punish them for exuberant lapses into frankness. It is not surprising, therefore, that the spate of books coming out of Russia these days is uneven and, for Western readers, hard to assess, particularly since too many of them are wildly advertised as the one book that rocked the Soviet Union to its heels. Yet it is now possible to take provisional stock of the newly emerging Soviet literature.

The new literature does not provide facile diversion for a drowsy reader. For one thing, translations tend to be abysmal. For another, stylistic techniques are usually old-fashioned—partly because Soviet authorities still frown on "bourgeois ornamentation," partly because Soviet writers are still too intoxicated at being even partially free to say what things have been like in their world to try cutting fancy capers.

Some of the most vaunted political landmarks—those books that dared for the first time to deal with hitherto forbidden topics—are also literary bombs. *One Day in the "New Life,"* Fedor Abramov's courageous 1963 account of dreary living on a communal farm, is barely readable as fiction. Vladimir Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone* (1957), the first novel to attack the Communist hierarchy openly, handles its dramatic scenes at a level of skill well below the Roger-loves-Linda epics of U.S. women's fiction.

The New Voices. But a handful of recent books and authors makes a powerful and provocative testament for a thoughtful Western reader. For they are human voices, raised from a vast land from which for decades nothing much was allowed to emerge except monolithic grunts of propaganda. Like victims of some enormous railway accident trying to put it into words for the first time, the new Soviet writers are men groping for ways to convey an experience beyond all normal imagination.

Among the younger generation now emerging as a result of the thaw, three novelists seem outstanding: YURI KAZAKOV, 36, VASILY AKSENOV, 30, and VLADIMIR MAXIMOV, 30. Time and circumstance have permitted them a heretofore unheard-of luxury—the recognition that a writer need have no social purpose other than writing as well as he can about a world he knows.

Possibly because he is the son of a factory worker, and a bit older than the others, Kazakov is less controversial. *Going to Town and Other Stories* (Houghton Mifflin), to be published in the U.S. this January, contains one remote political allegory—about a trained bear who escapes but who has lived so long in captivity that he does not know how to live in freedom. But mostly Kazakov, in a style that mixes Hemingway with Chekhov, deals with the grit and grandeur of small human encounters: a lyrical and fetching account of first love; a new tenant's struggle with a formidable landlady; the



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hesitant, chilled affair between a waspish, well-known artist and a young girl who both fears and admires him.

Itchy Heels. Aksenov's *A Ticket to the Stars* (Signet) is a sprightly, fond, slang-filled chronicle of teen-agers with itchy heels who are now free to rough it as beach bums and part-time workers. For a U.S. reader, *Ticket* sounds a little like *Where the Boys Are*, with the Gulf of Finland instead of Fort Lauderdale as backdrop. But there is a notable difference. In the U.S., the teenage prerogative to trample all over everyone in a society already over-gearred to their wishes is not only a bore but even a menace. In the Soviet Union, even small freedoms seem to be an infinitely precious gift lately granted to the young. Aksenov's narrator is an elder brother who has always been the model student and is now a successful research scientist (Aksenov himself is a doctor). Watching the capers of his brother and his friends, he reflects that such doings were never possible for him. "Keep dancing," he thinks, "this is your world. The bearded men won't raise their swords. We guarantee that." And somehow the banality is touching.

Much the same situation dignifies Maximov's novel, *A Man Survives* (Grove). Seryosha, his young hero, often spouts familiar teen-age protests. "I hate the whole world," he shouts at one point. "I hate everybody who has the right to bang his fist on the table, to give marks." But the reader is mistaken who thinks he is listening in on James Dean complaining to Dad because he can't have the family car for a double date. Seryosha's father has been taken away by the NKVD, and the boy has encountered in Joseph Stalin and the local commissar a pair of father images worthy of hate.

With flashbacks, brief jagged confrontations, and dirty language—all of them daring deviations from stodgy stylistic norms in Stalin's time—Maximov tells how the rebellious Seryosha lives as an outlaw on the seamy side of the Soviet establishment, first stealing vegetables to sell on the black market, then working for a smuggler plying the border trade back and forth from Turkey. Eventually he is drafted to fight in World War II.

In quick images, Maximov slashes a scene in place. His hero, hating the smug, virtuous world, rejects the sympathy of the few kind and decent people he encounters because it is rage itself, he comes to understand, that keeps him alive. "I defend myself against them," he thinks in a rare moment of self-understanding, "with all the fury accumulated in years of wolfish life." Eventually he gives in and accepts society, because he realizes that, bad as it is, it is redeemed by individual acts of humanity.

Snows & Saints. In poetry, Evgeny Evtushenko, 30, is still the major voice, and has taken the brunt of the backlash

that followed his first outspoken poems. But nowadays Evtushenko's reputation is being matched by that of Andrei Voznesensky, 30, more gifted and only slightly less flamboyant ex-student of architecture. Voznesensky's newest volume of verse will appear in the U.S. in translation this spring.

Western critics have already begun to cool their original ardor for new Soviet verse and lately have begun to grumble that Evtushenko and Voznesensky have neither read T.S. Eliot nor profited by exposure to the likes of William Carlos Williams. The complaint is true, but be-

on the role they play—seen most notably in Evtushenko's *Precocious Autobiography*—are fascinating for Western readers in general and highly recommended to Americans who still think that any sensible, freedom-loving Russian would like nothing better than to migrate for keeps to, say, Jersey City. The young poets exude a refreshing sense of purpose that comes with a mature consciousness of power. In the West, where writers have always been free to say what they please, composing a poem is neither an act of rebellion nor an act of courage. However daring a writer's pronouncement, it is taken in stride by the movers and shakers as part of democracy's continuing dialogue. It sometimes makes Western writers feel frustrated.

But in Russia, during the years when ideas of any kind were considered enemies, authorities thought writing so ex-



VOZNESENSKY
A sense of power . . .

side the point. Voznesensky and Evtushenko invite useful comparison not with the sophisticated Western poets of today but with Carl Sandburg singing of the Western plains or the chest-thumping celebrations of Walt Whitman. Like Sandburg, and like the U.S. folk singers who make up rhymes for the freedom riders, the new Soviet poets tend to alternate between lyrical simplicity and passionate rhetoric, as in these excerpts translated in *Encounter*:

You whisper of childhood, as we
touch cheeks,
That country of childhood, where
horses and suns
And honeycombs glitter like icons.
And look at your hair, its honey
tints . . .
I live in Russia, among snows and
saints!

I am sorrow
I am the voice of war
the embers of cities
on the snows of the year '41
I am hunger
I am the throat of a woman
whose body like a bell
hangs over the naked square . . .
The prose comments of such writers



EVTVSHENKO
. . . to shape a new destiny.

plusive that they paid writers of all kinds the extreme compliment of sending them to Siberia for saying anything honest at all. Now Russian readers, long starved for words that would offer back to them an image of their own repressed hopes and feelings, stretch avidly to hear any new voice that is raised.

Evtushenko and Voznesensky read their poems to tens of thousands, and their books are bestsellers. They know that just by tweaking the nose of authority—attacking Soviet anti-Semitism, for example, or just praising the crazy doings of the young—they are helping a whole land full of people come to life again. Like any number of Russian writers, they hope to fashion the challenging conception of a new destiny for Russia to replace the great dream of the Revolution, which drowned in blood and bureaucracy.

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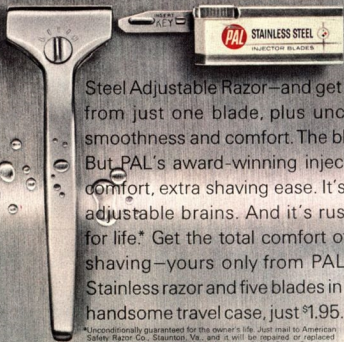
Make the greatest EGGNOG you ever tasted with historic OLD CROW. An Eggnog made with Old Crow bourbon is the most delicious Eggnog in the world. It brings to the traditional Eggnog a new perfection.

To make the EGGNOG. Mix 2 qts. eggnog-mix with 4/5 qt. of Old Crow and 1/2 pt. lightly whipped cream. Chill. Stir. Serve with sprinkling of nutmeg. Serves 30.

To purchase the BOWL. Exact replicas of Old Crow's famous antique bowl, with 10 cups and ladle, are available at \$15. Send check to Box 745, OLD CROW PUNCHBOWL, East Liverpool, Ohio.

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